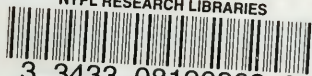


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Thompson

A

DISCOURSE

PREACHED AT BARRE, JANUARY 11, 1854,

AT THE END OF

A MINISTRY OF FIFTY YEARS

IN THAT TOWN.

BY JAMES THOMPSON,

SENIOR PASTOR OF THE FIRST CHURCH.

With an Appendix.

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REV. JAMES THOMPSON, D.D.

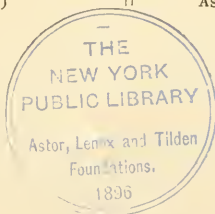
DEAR SIR,

The undersigned, constituting the Committees of your present and former Parishioners, respectfully request, for publication, a copy of the able and interesting Discourse delivered by you this day, on the occasion of the Fiftieth Anniversary of your Ordination as Pastor of the First Congregational Church in Barre.

WILLARD BROAD,	} <i>Barre</i> <i>Committee.</i>
HIRAM WADSWORTH,	
J. W. JENKINS, jun.	
ABIATHER LAWRENCE,	
DANIEL CUMMINGS,	
LYMAN F. ROGERS,	
LEMUEL P. RICE,	

MARSHALL S. PERRY,	} <i>Committee of</i> <i>former</i> <i>Residents.</i>
DANIEL HARWOOD,	
SAMUEL WADSWORTH,	
J. HENRY HILL,	
TIMOTHY JENKINS,	
ALDEN B. SMITH,	
ASA HARGOOD,	

January 11, 1854.



BOSTON :

PRINTED BY JOHN WILSON AND SON,

22, SCHOOL STREET.

DISCOURSE.

Ps. lxxi. 9 : — “CAST ME NOT OFF IN THE TIME OF OLD AGE ; FORSAKE ME
NOT WHEN MY STRENGTH FAILETH.”

THE psalm from which these words are taken was composed by David, after he had descended into the vale of years, and began to feel the infirmities and anxieties of old age. It breathes the pious trust of a heart deeply impressed by the remembrance of the care and goodness of God, and rejoicing in being able to make him still its refuge.

It was probably about the time when this psalm was composed, that David took measures to rid himself of all the cares, labors, and perplexities of his high station, — calling together all the princes of Israel and the priests and the Levites, to give them his parting counsels, and blessing them in one of the most sublime and affecting prayers ever uttered by mortal lips, — his mind, in all, looking only to the glory of God, and the welfare of them that should come after him.

The Scriptures describe him as “full of days,” “stricken in years,” and “ready to die,” when these things took place. Yet he was not so old by several years as the speaker who now addresses you ; for he was but seventy when he ceased to be numbered among the living, while I, having obtained help of the Lord, continue to my seventy-fourth year ; and through his grace I am what I am.

The occasion on which we now meet is one, as you may suppose, of the deepest and most solemn interest to me, while, at the same time, it awakens many tender and pleasing emotions. I have looked forward to it, since it has seemed probable that I might live to witness it, with mingled satisfaction and solicitude, — with satisfaction, in view of the opportunity it might afford for exchanging Christian salutations with so many whose kindness I have so long enjoyed ; with solicitude, from a painful sense of my inability to meet your just expectations. “The spirit, indeed, is willing, but the flesh is weak.”

The thoughts and recollections, the pleasures and anxieties, which, you might conceive, would express themselves without an effort on an occasion like this, come with a rushing confusion to my mind, as if the experience of fifty years were thrown together into a single hour ; and the power to arrange them into method and order, such as a proper respect for my hearers requires, I find not. Yet this is my confidence and hope : I can cast myself upon the God of my life, and say unto him, with particular reference to the humble service I have now to perform, “Now,

also, when I am old and gray-headed, O God ! forsake me not." And, still more, I can stand up here before you in the Lord's house, and thank our God that he permits me to behold your faces in the land of the living ; that he has given to me such "length of days ;" that he has mingled so many mercies in the "cup of my life ;" that, while he has "weakened my strength in the way," and put away "mine acquaintance" far from me, and "mine eye mourneth by reason of affliction," I am able to appear in his courts with those of my family still alive around me ; that, while the greater part of the congregation who received me fifty years ago are "fallen asleep," yet some "remain unto this present," and that others have come up, the children succeeding the fathers, to "keep the ark of the Lord," and to "inquire in his holy temple ;" that the town in which our lines have fallen has steadily increased in population, in wealth, in fertility, in beauty, till, in these respects, few surpass it, and that there has been manifested here a growing interest in the cause of general education, and a very decided improvement in the morals of the community ; that sound principles of private and public virtue, how much soever they may be opposed by the selfishness and the ignorance of men, are gradually gaining the ascendancy around us ;* that, notwithstanding changes of opinion and feeling which mark the present time, the gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, shorn of none of its original power and authority, and in each succeeding generation better understood in its spirit and application, is

still preached among us, to the edification and comfort of them that hear ; and that the future, for you who are in the midst of your days, though darkened by some clouds, has yet so many aspects of encouragement to cheer you on in the way of your duty as citizens and as Christians, and, for us who are ready to go the way of all the earth, so many signs in the heavens of “pleasures for evermore.” Yes, I can thus thank him devoutly, and with an overflowing heart ; for it is a gracious ordinance of Heaven, that, while the mental powers lose their activity as the outward man fails and sinks under the pressure of years, those sentiments which lead the soul up to the Almighty in gratitude and trust find fewer hindrances in the narrowed sphere of old age than in those periods of life when the world is all open around the heart, and its temptations are strong to refer the blessings enjoyed to second causes, instead of tracing them, in a deep sense of dependence, up to the only real Cause of all things.

“ Bless the Lord, O my soul ! and, all that is within me, bless his holy name. Bless the Lord, O my soul ! and forget not all his benefits. For he knoweth our frame ; he remembereth we are but dust. His mercy is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him, and his righteousness unto children’s children, to such as keep his covenant, and those that remember his commandments to do them.”

This day, my friends, completes the fiftieth year of my settlement in this place. Fifty years ! As we

look forward over such a period, how long, how almost endless, it seems ! As we look back upon it, how brief, how like a dream, how evanescent ! Fifty years ! In that period, how many, even in the limited sphere in which my days have been spent, have come forth into life ; how many been cut down as the flower in childhood and youth ; how many gathered to their fathers, like shocks of corn fully ripe unto the harvest ! Fifty years ! Within that period, I have seen both my parents, — hallowed be their memories ! — to whom I owe more than heart can conceive or tongue express, — go down, in a good old age, — though neither of them so aged as myself, — beautiful in holiness, to the house appointed for all the living. Within that period, what removals from my own family, from this parish, and from the pulpits of the neighborhood, with whose occupants I had long and sweet fellowship, and frequent exchanges of professional services ! Where are the kind-hearted, apostolic Goodrich, of Rutland, and Foster, his successor ? the social, affectionate Bascom, of Phillipston ; and the logical, witty, eloquent Foster, of Petersham ? Where are Estabrook, of Athol ; Gay, of Hubbardston ; Wesson, of Hardwick ? All, all gone ; and the places that knew them shall know them no more. Fifty years ! In this period, what changes have taken place all around us ! The population has nearly doubled. Tracts of wood, swamp, and wild land, have been brought under cultivation, and divided into farms of unsurpassed fertility. Dwelling-houses and barns have been greatly improved. The old

comfortless school-houses have given place to those in the modern style of convenience. The entrance at the south of our extensive Common, now ornamented by trees, fifty years ago was covered with shrub-oaks; and at the north, on the rising land, now adorned with many elegant houses, there were but two or three, and those quite ordinary. Fifty years ago, there was but one church here, and that without a steeple, where now we have three as neat and commodious as are to be seen in any country village, besides a fourth at the easterly part of the town. If we look at our shire-town, fifty years ago it was a pleasant village, not so large as this is at the present time; now it is a city with a population of twenty thousand or more, with one business-street as handsome and as crowded as any in the State, and railroad cars darting through it like weavers' shuttles at all hours of the day.

If, half a century ago, some prophet had predicted the discoveries and inventions familiar to this generation, — had predicted, for example, that, at this day, "men would communicate by lightning, and take portraits by sunbeams, amputate limbs without pain, or make the voyage from America to Europe in less time than was then required to go from Boston to Baltimore," — such prophecy would have found few so bold as to profess to believe it, and the sober-minded would have called it the result of mental illusion. But such are the facts; and there is no end to comparisons of this kind. I leave them, therefore, in order to take up and pursue, in a very brief outline, some items of

the history of our town, as it is connected with my residence and ministry here. And here let me bespeak your candid forbearance to the garrulity of age, and perhaps the too frequent and unnecessary recurrence of the personal pronoun.

On the sixty-sixth anniversary of the landing of our Pilgrim Fathers at Plymouth, — December 22, 1686, — the Indians then in possession of this portion of the country conveyed one hundred and forty-four miles of territory, or twelve miles square, to the heirs of one Simon Willard, of Lancaster, for which was paid twenty-three pounds of the then currency, — about one hundred dollars of our money. This whole tract bore the name of *Naqueag*.

On the 23d of February, the General Court confirmed the grantees in their possession of the territory, provided sixty-seven families should settle thereon, and gave it the name of Rutland. Within this grant were included the whole of the present towns of Rutland, Oakham, Hubbardston, and Barre, with part of Princeton and Paxton. Two years later, the proprietors set off six miles square of the original grant for the occupancy of sixty-two families settled thereon. In the year 1722, the General Court passed an act incorporating these six miles square as the town of Rutland. The remainder of the territory, including what is now Barre, remained undivided in the hands of the proprietors. In 1753, the General Court passed an act incorporating what is now known as Barre under the name of Rutland District, con-

ferring upon the inhabitants all the powers and privileges belonging to towns, except that of sending a representative to the General Court. In 1774, Rutland District was incorporated as a town, and received the name of Hutchinson, in honor of the former Governor. It retained the name but a short time, — less than three years ; for the name of a Tory, and so narrow-minded, intolerant a man, proved obnoxious to the consistent and genuine patriotism of those stirring times ; and, by a formal act * of the General Court, in answer to the petition of the inhabitants, it took the name of Barre, after a noble British statesman, celebrated in this country chiefly by his opposition to the oppressive acts of Parliament towards the colonies.† Such is a meagre outline of our early history.

On the 29th of July, 1753, the year of the incorporation of Rutland District, the first Christian church was established in this place. The one hundredth anniversary of this event was suitably noticed here, last July, in an eloquent and appropriate sermon by the junior pastor.

In the month of October following, Rev. Thomas Frink, a native of Sudbury, and a graduate of Harvard College in 1722, was installed pastor. Mr. Frink was first settled in Rutland in 1727, and dismissed in 1740. In 1744, he was installed in the Third Church of Plymouth ; Dr. Chauncy, of Boston, preaching the installation sermon. He remained in Plymouth but four years, when, “by mutual consent, no blame attaching to either pastor or people,” the

* See Appendix A.

† See Appendix B.

connection was dissolved, and he returned to Rutland, and was installed here in 1753. He was evidently a man of considerable ability and reputation. Two discourses from his pen were published; one preached on occasion of the Annual Election, and the other at an ordination. His ministry, not the most quiet and peaceful, extended to thirteen or fourteen years, when a difficulty arose in consequence of certain opinions advanced by him on the subject of baptism. A majority of the church voted his dismissal; but he denied the validity of any vote of the church without the concurrence of the moderator, and persisted in retaining his position. The contest waxed warm, till "from words they almost came to blows." At length, an ecclesiastical council was called to advise in the case, of which Rev. Stephen Williams, of Springfield, was moderator; and Rev. Dr. Mahew, of Boston, scribe.* Ten specific charges were brought against Mr. Frink, in nine of which the council unanimously found him guilty, and expressed their judgment in terms of great severity. They say, for example, under one of the allegations, "The Rev. Mr. Frink claimed and exercised a power to adjourn a church-meeting, after the mind of the church to the contrary had been signified to him; and that he did this in such a manner, and under such particular circumstances, as strongly indicated an overbearing and arbitrary dispo-

* It is stated, in the Life of Dr. Mahew, that the fatigues and labors incident to his attending this council were so great, that they brought on a nervous fever, from which he never recovered. He returned home only to die, — one of the most gifted orators and brilliant luminaries of the Boston pulpit.

sition in him." Under another, they say, "It also appears to us, that, on a particular occasion, the Rev. Mr. Frink did, in an unconstitutional and arbitrary manner, deny two brethren of the church their undoubted privilege and right of speaking and giving their suffrages at church-meeting." And again: "It also appears to us, that the Rev. Mr. Frink, on a particular occasion, unwarrantably and arbitrarily refused to put a vote in church-meeting, after it was regularly proposed and seconded by some of the brethren." Finally, "It further appears to us, by a great variety of testimonies, that the Rev. Mr. Frink has, for several years past, on different occasions, discovered a very remarkable and almost unexampled bitterness of spirit towards divers reputable persons of his pastoral charge, as well as towards other people, to the great dishonor of his sacred office, and tending directly to alienate his flock from him, to expose him to contempt from them, so as, by his own ill example in this respect, to frustrate, in a great measure, whatever exhortations he might give them to the necessary duties of Christian meekness, forbearance, and brotherly love; and to give much countenance to the contrary vices of pride, wrath, and a furious, ungovernable temper of mind; and we cannot but look upon it as a great aggravation of some of his intemperate speeches and railing accusations, that they were first delivered and afterwards spoken of by him as pastoral rebukes." The council close their result by recommending Mr. Frink's dismissal. Against this proceeding, however, he vigorously rebelled. The

Sunday following his dismissal, he repaired to the meeting-house, with a full determination to preach. His opponents, a majority of the town, apprised of his intention, had taken the precaution by vote to authorize and require John Caldwell, Esq., a leading man in the town, to shut up the pulpit, and to prevent by force, if circumstances should require it, Mr. Frink from carrying his purpose into effect. Accordingly he stationed himself at the foot of the pulpit-stairs, and, when the bellicose minister came up, debarred his access by main strength, and then, taking him by the collar, led him to the door. Mr. Frink, swelling with rage, proclaimed aloud his intention to preach in his own house, and requested his adherents to follow him thither. They obeyed; and he preached Christ to them on that day, and for several months afterwards, it is to be feared, "of envy and strife." At last, he left the town; and this "religious quarrel," as, by a bold solecism, such difficulties have been called, ceased, and "the church had rest." This latter statement I received from a late beloved parishioner, who was of the Frink party; and I give it here both as matter of history, showing smewhat "the form and pressure of the time," and also as matter of warning.*

Rev. Josiah Dana, successor of Mr. Frink, was ordained October 7, 1767; and, after a ministry of thirty-four years, died here, October 1, 1801. Mr. Dana was a graduate of Harvard College in the class

* See my Thirty-seventh Anniversary Sermon, and Dr. Bancroft's Half-Century.

of 1763, which contained several members who attained to eminence, among whom may be mentioned Judges Cushing and Upham, Timothy Pickering, and the young patriot, Josiah Quincy. He was a man of prepossessing and commanding appearance, of strong powers of mind, of highly respectable acquirements, of great social qualities, and of very popular eloquence in the pulpit. During his long ministry, he maintained a great influence in this place, and left a deep mark on the character of his people. He died, as he had lived, respected and beloved by all who knew him, and leaving a memory which his people cherished till they followed him.

Upon the death of my predecessor, several candidates for settlement were employed, namely, Messrs. Perez Lincoln, Isaac Allen, Samuel Veazie, and Thomas Rich; to the last of whom the town gave a call, offering him a salary of four hundred dollars a year. He declined, however, not, as he expressly declared, on account of the offered support, but for reasons which he kept to himself, and which were the subject of various speculations and conjectures by the people at the time of my coming.

At this time, Barre was considered one of the most eligible vacancies in the country. At an accidental meeting of several licentiates at Cambridge, the subject of vacant parishes was introduced. One of our number (Mr. Veazie), who had preached a term here as a candidate, said that he considered Barre the most desirable place for settlement within his knowledge; and added, that a chief recommendation was, that it

contained a Christian scholar and gentleman who had been a tutor eight years in Harvard College, and whose friendship and aid would be of inestimable value to a minister. And I would bear my humble testimony, from long experience, to the entire correctness of this opinion. Mr. Veazie also added (addressing me), "Your name has been spoken of as one likely to suit the tastes of Barre people, and you will doubtless, before long, be applied to as a candidate." And, accordingly, on Commencement-Day, 1803, the agent (Captain Samuel Bigelow) contracted with me to commence my services here as a candidate the first Sunday of October following. It was on that day I first preached to this Society. At that time, the house in which we assembled — without steeple or bell, old-fashioned, long public seats, occupying nearly half the body of it, and large, square pews the rest, with no means of warming it in winter — was far from being an inviting place of worship. Still, the best ingredients of true worship were there. I recall in imagination, and see now distinctly with the mind's eye, the appearance of some of the worshippers, and their location in church, — gray-headed, robust, venerable-looking men, of iron constitution, of lofty stature, — in fact, a noble race, excelling in looks and bearing any congregation I had before addressed. Amongst them were Doctor Rice and Esquire James. I notice these by themselves, as they were the only men in town who had received a liberal or collegiate education. Ebenezer Rice was born in Marlborough; graduated at Harvard College

in 1760 ; studied medicine, and practised the healing art in Wells, Maine ; removed to Barre, and died here in 1822.

Eleazer James was born in Cohasset, then a part of Hingham ; graduated at Harvard College in 1778 ; was tutor eight years ; studied law at Worcester ; established himself in that profession here, and, after nearly forty years' residence, removed to Worcester, and died there in 1843. These gentlemen were ripe scholars and sound Christians. They were accomplished men of "the old school," neat in their apparel, dignified and urbane in their manners, constant attendants on divine worship, and highly respected in all the relations of life. In their faith, they were Arminians, — one having been brought up under the preaching of Dr. Hemmenway, of Wells ; the other under that of Dr. Gay, of Hingham. I will mention the names of a few others, whose venerable forms are more distinctly remembered, and whose presence habitually in the house of our solemnities I delight to recall, while I cherish their memories with reverent affection. There sat Captain Dan Hawes, who, at the age of seventy-three, became most deeply interested in the inquiry what he should do to be saved, from hearing his minister preach from the text, "Turn ye to the strong hold, ye prisoners of hope ;" and, in his advanced age, professed publicly his faith in Christ. He maintained, through his remaining days, — as, I feel authorized to say, he had ever done, — a life conformable with such a profession, and died, ripe in years as in virtues, an ornament to the Christian

name. He often spoke of himself, with overflowing tears, as one who came in at the eleventh hour, still with a hope full of immortality. Near him usually sat Mr. Daniel Adams, senior, whose grandchildren are amongst our elder citizens, and whose great-grandchildren now fill an active agency in our public worship.

I remember Joseph Farrar, Benjamin Nye, John Patrick, John Woodbury, the Bullards, Samuel and Jonathan. There also might be seen the Rices, a numerous and goodly race; the good Lieutenant Thomas, — whose tact in the sick chamber I shall ever remember with gratitude, whose touch to the patient of inflammatory rheumatism was tender as a mother's, and reviving as the "balm of Gilead," — and the brothers Daniel, Jotham, James, and Benjamin. There also were the Osgoods, Asahel and Manasseh; and yonder, far on my left, just beyond the venerable Underwood, was Captain Abijah Harding, whose domicile was more than five miles from church, but whose presence here was as regular and constant as the return of the first day of the week. Prominent among these worshippers was Captain Samuel Bigelow, town-clerk and chorister, a man whose heart was as large as his corporeal frame, which weighed not less than thirteen scores. Others, whom I can only name, rise to my recollection. Lee, Holden, Jenkins, Caruth, Caldwell, Freeman, Sibley, Johnson, Fisk, and Bent, — these, and many other names, of like worth, I fondly believe are written in the book of life. The deacons at this time, — Jonas Eaton and Noah Ripley, joined afterwards by Moses Holden and Abraham Ste-

vens, — in their elevated seats, not more conspicuous than were their Christian virtues, might from day to day be seen, lending dignity to the altar by their presence.

The selectmen, that year, were Joel Bent, Elijah Caldwell, James Holland, Nathaniel Jones, and Job Sibley. The assessors were Abijah Harding, Joseph Farrar, and James Holland.

Such was the Barre congregation when I first saw it. By consulting the records of the town, I find that, at a town-meeting, holden December 28, 1803, it was “Voted, *unanimously*, to unite with the church to invite Mr. James Thompson to the pastoral charge of this church and people: voted, to choose a committee of seven to wait on Mr. Thompson, and inform him of the proceedings of the town, and to see if there is a prospect of his settling with us in the ministry, and report at the time to which this meeting may be adjourned.” The committee consisted of Samuel Bigelow, Moses Holden, Noah Ripley, Joel Bent, Eleazer James, Ebenezer Rice, David Fisk, and Nathaniel Jones. At the adjournment of the meeting, the town “Voted to give Mr. Thompson five hundred dollars as an annual salary, so long as he continues our minister.” “Mr. Thompson came into the meeting, and declared his acceptance; and Eleazer James, Samuel Bigelow, Joel Bent, David Fisk, and Nathaniel Jones were appointed a committee to provide for the ordination, and bring in their account for the same.”

The 11th of January, 1804, was appointed for the solemnity. At length the day looked to so eagerly,

and with so much hope, arrived. It was a bitter cold day, the snow eighteen inches deep, and the sleighing good. Every part of the town was astir with hosts of sympathizing friends from all the neighboring towns, who thronged our public and private houses with joyful and expectant guests. The large, old church was crowded to its utmost capacity with an orderly, listening audience. It was estimated that not one half of those who wished to hear could gain admittance. The solemnities were conducted by an ecclesiastical council, selected without regard to any shades of difference in theological opinions, composed of men of high standing and pre-eminent worth, — men of liberal views, in the best sense of the word, and deeply imbued with that charity which is the bond of perfectness.

Three only of the clerical members survive to bless the world by their example, their instructions, and their prayers. One of the three, Dr. Bates, of Dudley, with whom in early life I enjoyed a happy acquaintance, and who preached on the occasion of my ordination, I grieve to learn, this morning, lies dangerously sick, and must soon go to his final home. Another, Dr. French, of Northampton, N.H., I rejoice to hear, by a letter just received from him, continues, with a good measure of health and strength, to labor in the vineyard of the Lord. The third, my aged neighbor and friend, Dr. Fiske, of New Braintree, who gave me the right hand of fellowship, I had strongly hoped, from his answer to my letter, to see here to-day, when I should have given him the right

hand with as cordial a grasp as I received from him fifty years ago, notwithstanding the differences of opinion which have, to some extent, separated us in our active ministries.

Fifty years ago, my brethren, an ordination was a notable, solemn, and joyful occasion; and well it might be so considered, as but one in a generation, in the same place, usually occurred. Then the ceremonies and observances of the occasion were deemed important and indispensable; but now, by reason of the frequency of such occasions, many of them have gone into disuse. Then a procession was formed with military precision, accompanied by music, led by the moderator and the candidate; the candidate walking at the right hand of the moderator. At the door of the pulpit, on the broad stair, — for such there were in our old churches, — the candidate was seated, till invited in to receive the imposition of hands, and be consecrated by prayer to the work of the ministry.

Custom also required that the blessing invoked at table be by the ordained pastor, and thanks returned by the moderator, or by some stranger who might be present, at the moderator's invitation.

Some few years before I came here, there arose a warm excitement in the church on account of the introduction of instrumental music by the choir. The bass-viol was particularly obnoxious. The storm, however, had then spent its fury, and nearly subsided. Two persons only sought to interest me in their opposition, namely, the senior deacon and an aged and very worthy communicant. It was

said the deacon's opposition arose from his aversion to all change or progress. The honor of *lining* the hymn for the choir to sing had just before been abolished to his chagrin, his office being thus shorn of one of its honors; and now this further change was more than he could well endure. The other worthy communicant objected to the bass-viol that it was nothing but a big fiddle, and that was mostly used for a purpose which his soul hated, — very different from that of the worship of God. After a long conversation with the pastor on the subject, he concluded by the remark, that it seemed to him, that it was brought into church as an idol, and the people worshipped that rather than God. The young pastor, as he well remembers, with trembling diffidence in the presence of so venerated an antagonist, closed his answer by suggesting to his aged friend, that David, the sweet singer of Israel, whose inspiration he would doubtless admit, called on the people to praise the Lord with the "stringed instrument," and also with the "timbrel and dance." To this he made no reply.

The church, however, to relieve the tender and ill-instructed conscience of the good man, voted that the bass-viol be laid aside on communion and lecture days; and for years the vote was religiously observed, and the old gentleman enjoyed his communion and lecture seasons without being disturbed or having his devotional feelings wounded by the sound of the big fiddle. This difficulty soon entirely passed away with things forgotten.

All our ecclesiastical affairs were now peaceful and harmonious. All were united, and seemed pleased with their new minister. Actuated by the spirit which has ever characterized this people,—not to be behind the neighboring towns in the progress of improvement,—the subject of their place of public worship,—their house without steeple or bell, inferior in appearance to most of their neighbors',—became a matter of earnest and frequent discussion. Into this question the young minister entered with a zeal which nothing perhaps but youthful fervor could commend or justify. He preached several discourses on the duty of people to make the house of their solemnities amiable and inviting, urging them to feel the spirit which actuated David to declare “he would not offer to the Lord that which cost him nothing.” Whether these appeals, earnest and sincere, had an influence, he would not now presume to assert. It may be the vanity of second childhood to say, that he does think that his efforts in the pulpit at that time had some influence on the minds of the congregation, both in temporal and spiritual things. At any rate, in 1806 (so say the records), the town voted to build a “handsome and beautiful steeple, cupola, or belfry, in which to hang a bell.” And, in process of time, they did cause to be erected a steeple which, for excellence of workmanship, architectural beauty, and symmetry of proportion, was unequalled by any other edifice at that day in this vicinity. Its beautiful proportions was a frequent subject of remark by strangers, and other people of taste. The cost

of erecting it was more than double that of building the house itself. This expense was the more cheerfully paid from the knowledge that such a structure would add much to the good appearance of our village. In that house we worshipped for more than forty years. Thence went up to our common Father our joint prayers, praises, and aspirations. These courts were amiable in our eyes.

“We loved her gates, we loved the road :
The church, adorned with grace,
Stood like a palace built for God,
To show his milder face.”

It was to us a hallowed place, — the house of God and the gate to heaven. And when, at last, it was deemed necessary to demolish the steeple and remove the house from its foundation, our hearts were pained with a grief which nothing could comfort but the hope of a more modern and commodious one to take its place. That hope, through the blessing of God, has been realized.

During my long service in the ministry here, one appropriate part of the duty I have endeavored to perform with untiring perseverance, great satisfaction, and, I trust, with some humble success, has been the visitation and supervision of schools. I have ever thought this a peculiarly favorable and happy sphere of ministerial influence and usefulness. Here a rich field for the moral and religious cultivator is opened ; — here a thick and vigorous forest of twigs may be bent by him in the right direction. For nearly forty consecutive years, I was honored by the town by elec-

tion as chairman of the school committee, with associates from year to year who efficiently aided my efforts, and to whom I am glad publicly to tender my grateful acknowledgments for faithful assistance and respectful deference to my official station. Here much seed has been sown, — some, doubtless, on stony ground and by the wayside; but much, I trust, — very much, I hope, — on good ground, bringing forth fruit now a hundred fold. As some evidence of this, look about you. See the number that have gone out from us, occupying honorable positions in society, and those who remain at home, pillars of our churches, guardians of our town, promoters of all good enterprises. Our senators and representatives in the General Court, our magistrates, our enlightened farmers, our member of Congress, our Doctors of Divinity, and Doctors of Medicine, and Masters of Arts, — many of whom honor this occasion, and make glad our hearts by their presence, — these, my friends, are among our jewels; of these we are proud; and these are some of the fruits of our town-school system. It must be confessed, that, fifty years ago, a lamentable indifference by parents and others to the condition of the schools, and especially to their visitation and supervision, was prevalent. Frequently but one other was chosen, as associate with the pastor, to examine the teachers and visit the schools. The laws of the Commonwealth were exceedingly lax and defective; and their requirements, few as they were, were often neglected or evaded. Then the town appropriated but seven hundred dollars to the schools of thirteen

districts. Now the state of things is better, and more than two thousand dollars are annually devoted to this object. A happy improvement is going on in this and other things ; and soon, I hope, Barre may be as pre-eminent for her schools as for her agricultural and mechanical progress ; and may virtue and learning be the stability of our times ! In my ministerial life, I have made not less than one thousand official visits to our schools, riding in many cases for the purpose from three to five miles, and for most of the time without any pecuniary remuneration whatever. Computation will show that this would occupy the working days of more than four years. I have solemnized the marriage of more than four hundred and fifty couples. During the same period, upwards of five hundred infants and adults have been initiated into Christ's visible church by baptism. I have also been called to the sad office of attending the obsequies of more than one thousand persons, — a congregation larger than the living one now before me. The sabbath-school I have ever deemed a most important aid to the religious progress of the society ; and I now regret that I did not give more attention to it. Yet, through the faithful efforts of superintendents and teachers, for many years of my ministry, we had a flourishing and well-ordered Sunday-school, bearing an honorable comparison with the best in the vicinity. On this subject I have preached and exhorted, not without some happy results. Let the institution be cherished as a handmaid to our dearest interests, and a fostering helper

of our best hopes. Other statistics and notices of persons and events must be omitted, lest I weary your patience beyond all endurance.

Often, in the course of my life, I have been asked how I could live, and support a family of eight children, upon a salary of five hundred dollars. It has long been a subject of general inquiry how the ministers of the gospel in New England could so reputationally live, and rear and educate their children, upon their small annual stipend. However strange, the fact is unquestionable. Ministers generally have lived, brought up large families, and been prosperous, upon very inadequate salaries. It has been truly said, that figures in this case afford no solution. Arithmetic puts the balance on the wrong side. I know it to be so. Still, the fact above stated remains. The explanation is not, as yet, developed. I would meekly ascribe it to that beneficent Providence which David acknowledged and adored, when he said, "I have been young, but now am old; yet I have never seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread." In my connection with this parish, I have received many gratuities, — valuable both from the feeling which prompted the bestowment, and from their intrinsic worth. Living amongst a generous people, these frequent though small tokens of their remembrance and attachment, in the aggregate amounting to a great assistance, have kept the heart whole; and I have lived to the present day, having always had straw and provender

for the wayfarer, and a frugal table for hospitality, though never, till recently, without a sense of obligation to the forbearance of creditors; yet, through a kind Providence, having had food and raiment, and every really necessary means of comfortable living, I have been content. And here truth and duty demand a tribute to the memory of her whom God graciously gave to be my faithful companion and helpmeet, — the mother of my children. If there was any thing in the manse of well-devised yet generous economy, of open-hearted hospitality, of orderly domestic arrangement, of pleasing attraction to friends and strangers, young and old, it is mainly due to her untiring devotedness to the welfare of her family, and her unceasing endeavor to deserve the love of the people, and to secure their attachment to their minister. Of her success all who knew her are witnesses. And O may her virtues, as appreciated and inscribed by her female friends on yonder marble, be ever alive and active in the bosoms of her daughters and her daughters' daughters, to the remotest posterity, till the marble itself shall crumble back to dust! Peace and benedictions on her dear and precious memory, till that memory shall change to sight, in that world where all tears are wiped from every eye, and heaven is found in the renewal and perfection of the purest joys of this present life!*

Through nearly the whole of my ministry, it was a custom, having acquired by time the authority of law, to supply the parsonage with fuel. On a day appointed,

* See Appendix C.

near the beginning of the year, might be seen, from nearly every road in town, the long teams, with the big loads of wood, accompanied by their owners, the hired men, and the boys, and joined on the way by idlers and loungers, wending their course to the centre. Near the house might be seen, extending all around, the teams of oxen and horses, in "big confusion," — the men and boys unloading the donations in jovial humor, discussing the number of loads brought, and whose was largest and best. Then followed the joyful participation of refreshments, — always generous and abundant, and most cheerfully bestowed, — though their cost diminished somewhat the pecuniary value of the donation, — after which, till night, a merry chopping and splitting concluded the business and pleasure of the day. About twenty cords were an average quantity. Some, who had no wood, brought products of the field or the dairy, or articles of use from the stores. This custom kept alive the interest of pastor and people in each other ; and, while the fuel warmed the body, it equally warmed the heart of the recipient with gratitude to his trusty parishioners, and to God, the Giver of every good and perfect gift. But I must forbear.

And now, leaving these details and reflections, which, it is hoped, may not be entirely without interest to you, let us recur, in conclusion, to the author of our text, and the sentiments that filled his mind at the time he wrote it. The day with him was far spent, and the night was at hand. But his day had been crowned with signal mercies. In the midst

of sore trials and many judgments, and under the awful rebukes of an outraged conscience, he had still found favor with the Lord. His prayers had been heard in heaven. And, as he looked back, and called to remembrance the long-suffering and kindness of the Most High, his heart was melted with gratitude, and he poured it forth in songs of praise. And this was not all. He also consecrated his remaining strength to a work, which, he had hoped, would be some humble return for the blessings he had received. That work, he knew, he should not live to see accomplished ; but it engrossed his thoughts, and was the burden of his prayers. The building of a house for the worship of God, — this was his heart's great desire, and the subject of his daily meditations. To this he devoted his riches, and laid the most solemn injunctions on his friends to see that the work was done according to his design. Now, brethren, your house for the Lord is already builded. Once that work lay anxiously upon our hearts ; but it is done, and you have a goodly and commodious structure, fit for the holy services to which it is dedicated. Still, my friends, the building is nothing except as it is rendered beautiful and glorious by a pure and fervent worship. And to this point I look with deep concern. Here centre both my anxieties and my hopes in regard to you. Speaking now to you, it may be, for the last time, I would say, Remember that your church is built on the foundation of Prophets and Apostles ; that Jesus Christ is the chief cornerstone ; and that no man can lay any other foundation

that will not be swept away. I would declare my undying conviction of the authority of Jesus Christ as a Teacher miraculously endowed and sent from God, and my hope of forgiveness and the joy of heaven through the mercy revealed by him. I would beseech those who enter these hallowed doors to remember that the church loses its distinctive character and use, when it ceases to be emphatically a house of prayer; and that worship in "spirit and truth" will not long survive respect for its proper forms and observances. Let them also remember, that it is the duty of each one who comes up hither to bring his individual contribution to the religious effect of the services, and to do what in him lies to promote a heartfelt sympathy in the congregation.

Beyond these admonitions, it does not become me, in my situation, to offer much counsel. And yet you will suffer me to say, that a generous toleration of opinions not derogatory to the gospel, but at the same time differing, to some extent, from those which you have long been accustomed to hear, is the dictate alike of duty and expediency. It cannot be expected that the young, the ardent, the hopeful, with inquiring minds, will be content to walk in all the steps of their fathers, and never go beyond them in any thing. And we ought not to wish it. Standing upon the foundation of the gospel, let the largest liberty of thought consistent with its principles and authority be encouraged and maintained. This is the true Protestant theory. Let the Bible — the Bible — be open for study, for investigation, from age to age ;

and let every new discovery, in its unsearchable depths, be hailed with joy, and freely proclaimed.

There probably has never been a time when all questions relating to truth and duty were more generally discussed than at the present day. The old are apt to be timid in regard to the consequences of so much freedom. An unreasonable tenacity to what is of long standing, without reference to its intrinsic merits, is a danger against which it becomes *us* to be on our guard. While adhering to opinions and connections which I have long maintained, and never expect to change in this world, I would not hold to them so rigidly as to discourage all attempts at progress. Errors of opinion still exist to be corrected. Social evils, not wholly disconnected from such errors, abound; and we ought to give a "God speed" to every one who girds on his armor against them. It is "my heart's desire and prayer to God this day," that the people of this town, from generation to generation, may be found, not only "earnestly contending for the faith once delivered to the saints," but also for that righteousness which is by faith in Jesus Christ; that they may ever be arrayed on the side of Temperance, of Justice, of Humanity, of Christian Love, against their opposites and adversaries; and that every good work, every Christian enterprise, every effort for the melioration of the condition of any part of our fellow-men, black or white, bond or free,* degraded by sin or bowed down by oppression, may have their united and hearty co-operation.

* Appendix D.

And now let us advert, once more, for a single moment, to this pleasing but solemn occasion. Fifty years I have lived here amongst you, very imperfectly fulfilling the ministry which I have received of the Lord Jesus. I have kept back nothing which I deemed important and essential. I have endeavored to live peaceably with all men. I have coveted no man's silver or gold or apparel. If I have wronged any one; if I have failed in my duty to any, as often I must; if, by word or example, I have ever cast dishonor on our religion, — I pray to be forgiven of men and of God. If, in late years, I have seemed less interested in your prosperity than formerly, remember, that, in voluntarily relinquishing to a young co-laborer the active duties of the ministry here, I neither exacted nor received from you any provision for my own support, and that that has been derived entirely from my labors in other places.* If I have appeared less social, and been more retired and secluded, in my old age than in earlier life, remember, oh! remember, the desolations that have visited me, the sorrows that have been poured on my head; and charge it not to indifference or neglect. I shall need your candid consideration but a little longer. The oil of my lamp is almost gone. The places which now know me will soon know me no more. This house I shall leave for that one, not far distant, so still and peaceful, where sleep the friend of my bosom, early loved and long mourned, and dear children, to whom my heart yearns continually, and many, many

* Appendix E.

very dear to me, once members of this Christian congregation.

These would be sad thoughts indeed, were it not for the future in prospect. Hope, faith in the immortality of the soul, in a reunion of departed friends, and an eternity of love in heaven, — this brightens them, and even makes them sometimes very joyful.

My beloved hearers, I thank you for giving to this humble occasion so much time and attention, and for the zeal with which you have labored to render it gratifying to my feelings. Adopting the language of St. Paul, I would say, “But I rejoiced in the Lord greatly, that now, at the last, your care of me hath flourished again. Not that I speak in respect to want; for I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content.”

Children of this town, sons and daughters dispersed abroad! I thank you for coming home to-day, to make glad your aged pastor's heart, and to receive his parting blessing. May the happiness you experience in the welcome that hails your return, and in your mutual greetings, and in the pleasure it gives so many friends to see you, induce you often to repeat your visit, and to cherish in your bosoms a tender and affectionate attachment to your native place and your early friends! I cannot utter all I would say unto you. May God, of his infinite goodness, bless you all, individually and in your families! May he bless you abundantly with all that is needful for the comfort of this life, and still more with those treasures which wax not old! May you be wise to

fear the Lord, and serve him with truth, with all your hearts ! May your character and your peace be established on that sure foundation which can never be moved ! And upon you all, whether residents here or in other places, may the love of God descend, and fill you with food and gladness ! May your course on earth, by whatever trials darkened, be a continual progress in all goodness and truth ; and, when it is finished, may heaven receive you all to its rest, its love, its everlasting joy !

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost, be with you all ! Amen.

A P P E N D I X.

N O T E S.

A. — PAGE 10.

THE curious in such matters will read with interest the proceedings which resulted in a change of name. These papers are copied from the originals in the archives of the State.

P E T I T I O N.

TO THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE COLONY OF THE MASSACHUSETTS BAY,
NOW SITTING AT WATERTOWN.

GENTLEMEN, — We, your humble petitioners, beg leave humbly to show, that, whereas the inhabitants of a certain tract of land or plantation, lying in the county of Worcester, formerly known by the name of Rutland District, being desirous of a new incorporation, did, in the year 1773, petition the General Assembly of this Colony for to be set off as a town, and to have the connection with Rutland cease; and we so far succeeded in our attempt as to obtain the approbation and concurrence of both houses; but the matter was non-concurred by Governor Hutchinson, who was then in the chair, unless he could have the privilege of filling the blank; but, the House not willing to give up what they viewed as their right, the matter was not completed till Mr. Gage took the chair, who, very soon after, gave us a specimen of what he was, or intended to be, to this Colony, by filling up the blank with that obnoxious name, HUTCHINSON, — that well-known enemy to the natural and stipulated rights of America; which gave us a very disagreeable sensation of mind, not being

able to speak of the town in which we lived but our thoughts were necessarily turned upon that ignominious enemy of mankind, and, in a measure, filled with shame to tell where we live when requested, — therefore, we, your humble petitioners, on the 17th of January last, at a town-meeting notified for the purpose of taking the minds of the inhabitants of our town, passed the following votes, viz.: 1. Voted unanimously to petition the General Assembly of this Colony to take off and cancel that obnoxious name, — HUTCHINSON; 2. Voted unanimously that it would give content to the inhabitants of this town to be incorporated by the name of that ever-memorable friend to the rights and liberties of America, — WILKES. We, your humble petitioners, wishing success to the American cause, expecting our petition to be granted, which we in duty are bound, shall ever pray.

(Signed)

JOHN MASON,	} <i>Committee in behalf of the Town.</i>
NATHAN SPARHAWK,	
PETER FESSENDEN,	
ANDREW PARKER,	

HUTCHINSON, 5th February, 1776.

THE ACT FOR CHANGING THE NAME.

AN ACT FOR DISCONTINUING THE NAME OF A TOWN IN THE COUNTY OF WORCESTER, LATELY INCORPORATED BY THE NAME OF HUTCHINSON, AND CALLING THE SAME BARRE.

Whereas the inhabitants of the town of Hutchinson have, by their petition, represented to this Court, that, in June, 1774, when the said town was incorporated, General Gage, the then Governor, gave it the name of Hutchinson, in honor to, and to perpetuate the memory of, Thomas Hutchinson, his immediate predecessor in the chair of government, whom they justly style the well-known enemy of the natural and stipulated rights of America; and that, at a town-meeting notified for that purpose, they voted unanimously to petition, and accordingly have petitioned, the General Court, that the name of the said town might be altered, and that it might no longer bear the disgraceful name of Hutchinson; —

And whereas there is a moral fitness that traitors and parricides, — especially such as have remarkably distinguished themselves in that odious character, and have long labored to deprive their native country of its most valuable rights and privileges, and to destroy every constitutional guard against the evils of an all-enslaving despotism, — should be held up to public view in their true characters, to be execrated by mankind; and that there should remain no other memorials of them than such as will transmit their names with infamy to posterity; —

And whereas the said Thomas Hutchinson, contrary to every obligation of duty and gratitude to this his native country, which raised him from private life to the highest and most lucrative offices in the government, has acted towards her the part of a traitor and parricide, as above described, which has been clearly manifested to the world by his letters lately published; and, by his having thus acted, it has become fit and just that every honorable memorial of him should be obliterated and cease, —

Therefore be it enacted by the Council and House of Representatives of the State of Massachusetts Bay, in General Court assembled, and by the authority of the same, that the land lying in the county of Worcester, formerly called Rutland District, and, in June, 1774, incorporated into a town by the name of Hutchinson, shall no longer bear that name, but henceforth shall be called and known by the name of Barre, the aforesaid incorporating act notwithstanding; and all officers in the said town shall hold and exercise their offices respectively in the same manner as they would have done had not the name of the said town been altered.

(Signed) S. DALTON, *Speaker pro tem.*

Nov. 7, 1776.

(Also signed by the Council.)

B. — PAGE 10.

In reply to Colonel Barre, who had served in America, and who made a speech against the bill [the stamp tax], Townshend, one of the ministers, spoke of the colonists as “children planted by our care, nourished by our indul-

gence, and protected by our arms." Barre's indignant retort produced a great sensation in the House. "They planted by your care? No! your oppressions planted them in America. They nourished by your indulgence? They grew up by your neglect of them. They protected by your arms? Those sons of liberty have nobly taken up arms in your defence. I claim to know more of America than most of you, having been conversant in that country. The people, I believe, are as truly loyal subjects as the king has, but a people jealous of their liberties, and who will vindicate them should they ever be violated." — *Hildreth's Hist. of the United States*, vol. ii. pp. 524-5.

No full report of this speech was ever made, but the news of it produced a great impression in this country. The following proceedings and votes of the town of Boston in relation to it are copied from its town-records, and are deemed of sufficient interest to be put into this note:—

Anno 1765, Sept. 18. — Boston Town Records, vol. iv. p. 655.

On a motion made and seconded, it was unanimously voted that the Hon. James Otis, Esq., the moderator, the Hon. Samuel Wells, Esq., the Hon. Harrison Gray, Esq., the Hon. Royal Tyler, Esq., Joshua Henshaw, Esq., John Rowe, Esq., Mr. Samuel Adams, be a committee to draw up, and transmit by the first opportunity, to the Right Honorable General Conway, now one of His Majesty's principal Secretaries of State, and to Colonel Isaac Barre, a member of Parliament, several addresses, humbly expressing the sincere thanks of this metropolis of His Majesty's ancient and loyal province of the Massachusetts Bay, for their noble, generous, and truly patriotic speeches at the last session of Parliament, in favor of the Colonies, their rights and privileges; and that correct copies of the same be desired, that they may be deposited among our most precious archives. Also voted, that these gentlemen's pictures, as soon as they can be obtained, be placed in Faneuil Hall, as a standing monument to all posterity of the virtue and justice of our benefactors, and a lasting proof of our gratitude.

Anno 1766, May 6. — Vol. iv. p. 699.

The following is a copy of a letter from Colonel Barre, Member of Parliament, to James Otis, Esq., chairman of the committee appointed to transmit him the thanks of the inhabitants of this metropolis, for his patriotic speech at the last session of Parliament, in favor of the Colonies, which was laid before the town by said Mr. Otis: —

“Sir, — It is with the highest sense of the honor done me I acknowledge the receipt of your letter dated Boston, New England, September 20th, with the unanimous resolution of the committee inclosed, containing expressions of approbation from the metropolis of His Majesty’s ancient and loyal province of the Massachusetts Bay, which are exceedingly flattering to me. During the last war, the course of my profession gave me frequent and pleasing opportunities of observing attentively the spirit, loyalty, and attachment of His Majesty’s North American subjects, in support of a war begun in defence of the limits of North America, and continued to the honor and immortal glory of this nation in every part of the world.

“My natural attachment to this country, a regard to its most solid interests, to its improvements in time of peace (which so greatly depends on the establishing our late extended commerce upon those generous and steady principles which a happy experience and the information of those most materially concerned can suggest), and to the uniting of our strength in case of any future rupture, has and will ever make me desirous of promoting every measure that may contribute to those good effects, and so strongly deprecating those of a contrary tendency. My conduct in Parliament, so obligingly referred to, being the real sentiments of my heart, was the natural result of these considerations. The terms in which they were delivered were such as the particular circumstances of time and place first suggested, and such as I cannot possibly, at this distance, charge my memory with. They were not premeditated, nor are they perhaps worthy to be remembered. I must therefore beg your mediation, sir, with the respectable body whose pen you hold, to excuse my troubling them with an imperfect repetition of words in themselves of little use in North America. But, if there should be any call for the like exertion in Europe, I beg leave through your means to

assure them that no consideration shall make me forget my duty, whensoever an occasion presents itself, of promoting to the utmost of my ability the united interest of Great Britain and her Colonies.

“As long as the inhabitants of Massachusetts Bay will continue to regard the motives of my conduct, and not the consequences, I do not despair of retaining what I shall ever esteem among the greatest rewards, — their approbation, of which I cannot have a more honorable or distinguishing mark than that contained in the last part of their resolution, — a flattering request which I shall comply with as soon as possible.

“My being abroad the whole summer prevented me from having the honor of receiving your letter sooner than the end of December: this circumstance I beg may be communicated to the gentlemen of the committee, and to your respectable fellow-citizens. At the same time, you will accept, I hope, of my sincere thanks for your very polite manner of communicating to me their sentiments, and for the trouble you have had on the occasion.

“I am, with the greatest respect and personal regard,

“Sir,

“Your most obedient and most humble servant,

“ISAAC BARRE.

“LONDON, Jan. 11, 1766.

“To the Hon. James Otis, Esq.”

Anno 1767, March 16.

That article in the warrant, viz. “And in what manner the town will acknowledge the receipt of Colonel Barre’s picture,” was read, whereupon —

Voted, That the Hon. James Otis, Esq., John Hancock, Esq., John Rowe, Esq., Ezekiel Goldthwait, Esq., John Erving, Esq., be a committee to take this matter into consideration, and report at the adjournment.

Anno 1767, May 8.

The committee relative to Colonel Barre’s picture made a verbal report, whereupon —

Voted, That those gentlemen, viz. James Otis, Esq., John Hancock, Esq., John Rowe, Esq., Ezekiel Goldthwait, Esq.,

John Erving, jun., Esq., be and they hereby are appointed a committee to write a letter to the Hon. Colonel Barre, informing him of the receipt of his picture; and that the same, by the unanimous order of the town, is placed in Faneuil Hall. And said committee are empowered and directed to engage some person to write to his correspondent in London to pay to Mr. Duncan Clark, or the painter, the cost of having said picture, and any other expense that has attended the same; which sum the inhabitants hereby oblige themselves to repay and reimburse.

Anno 1769.

October 18, 10 o'clock, A.M. — Met according to adjournment. The Hon. James Otis, Esq., chairman of the committee appointed to transmit a petition of the town to the Hon. Isaac Barre, Esq., of London, by him to be presented to His Majesty, received the following letter, which was read to the town: —

“BATH, July 20, 1769.

“Sir, — I had the honor of receiving your letter, with its inclosures, on the first of June. It gives me very great satisfaction to find that my public conduct continues to meet with the approbation of so respectable a body of His Majesty's loyal subjects, and I feel myself much flattered with receiving the commands of the inhabitants of Boston. I am now to acquaint you that the day after your letter reached my hand, I had the honor of laying at the king's feet the petition, which you transmitted to me, addressed to His Majesty.

“Your fellow-citizens, sir, may rest assured that their application to the throne for redress has not upon this occasion been intercepted.

“Their situation and grievances, as stated by themselves, are now fully known to their sovereign, whose princely virtues give them abundant reason to be persuaded with me that his heart will feel, and his own genuine wisdom will, in due course of time, dictate the most proper methods of alleviating the distresses of his faithful subjects, however remote they may be from his royal presence.

“Permit me to add my sincere wishes that the future measures for the better governing of America may be of such a conciliating

nature as will effectually restore that affection and obedience which formerly characterized all the dependencies of this great nation.

“ I am, with personal esteem and regard.

“ Sir.

“ Your most obedient and most humble servant.

“ ISAAC BARRE.”

Anno 1769, October 18.

Upon a motion made, Voted unanimously that the thanks of the town be and hereby are given to the Hon. Isaac Barre, Esq., a member of Parliament, for his singular service to the town in waiting upon our gracious sovereign in person, and presenting to His Majesty their humble and dutiful petition for the redress of grievances; and that the Hon. Thomas Cushing, Esq., Mr. Samuel Adams, John Adams, Esq., the Hon. James Otis, Esq., Dr. Joseph Warren, Richard Dana, Esq., Joshua Henshaw, Esq., Joseph Jackson, Esq., Benjamin Kent, be a committee respectfully to transmit this vote of thanks to Colonel Barre, as soon as may be.

C. — PAGE 27.

Mrs. Thompson was the eldest daughter of the late Hon. Seth Washburn, of Raynham. Possessing a remarkably cheerful temper, united with great benevolence, she made perpetual sunshine by her presence. The late Rev. Samuel Deane, of Scituate, married one of her sisters, a woman of uncommon intelligence and character, now gone to her reward. Two sisters survive,—long may they be spared!—one, Flora Washburn, keeping the old family mansion; the other, Mrs. Amelia James, the wife of Josiah L. James, Esq., of Chicago, Illinois. Mrs. Thompson died, after a long and distressing illness, which she bore with a constancy of faith and cheerful submission rarely witnessed,

on the 24th day of May, 1835, at the age of 52 years. The following notice of her from a sermon by the Rev. Mr. Wellington, of Templeton, on the Sunday after her interment, is republished from the "Christian Register:" —

In this afflicting dispensation, the friends of this Christian lady mourn the loss of one, the review of whose virtues, character, and life, may not only yield *them* consolation in the contemplation of the prospects which Christianity unfolds, but be of use to *others*, as an excitement to diligence in the labors and duties of their Christian calling.

In the deceased there were virtues and qualities of mind and heart which endeared her to the community in which she resided, and fitted her, in an eminent degree, to occupy with honor and usefulness the station she was called to fill. As a wife, while she honored her husband, and scrupulously consulted his happiness, the welfare and comfort of his children, and the success of his ministry, she secured his respect and confidence. How well she discharged the duties of domestic life is known and remembered by those who saw her in them, and were her most intimate associates. These duties she did not regard as beneath the Christian's notice or character, nor inconsistent with her obligations to God and the Saviour. On the other hand, she regarded them as pertaining essentially to her, not only as a wife and mother, but as a Christian.

As a mother, she felt a strong attachment to her children, was prompt to relieve their wants, and cherished a deep solicitude for their welfare, and sought it carefully with prayers and tears. Indeed, so many expressions of tenderness and good-will did they witness and receive, and so many advantages have resulted to them from her maternal solicitude and care, that, now the hand that reared and guided them is powerless, and the lips that taught and counselled them are stiffened in death, will her memory be cherished in their grateful hearts and recollections, and by them will her name be honored and blessed. She opened her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue was the law of kindness. She looked well to the ways of her household, and ate not the bread of idleness. Her children rose up, and called her blessed; her husband also, and he praised her.

But it is in a religious point of view, more especially, that the character of the deceased gathers importance. How deeply she felt the importance of religion and a religious character to herself, how fully she realized the importance of her profession, and her personal responsibility, and how much pleasure religion imparted to her mind, appeared from her attention to, and uniform observance of, the ordinances and institutions of Christ's kingdom.

As religion had yielded pleasures to her mind, and a controlling power over her conduct in life, it was during the period when her health had declined, and towards the close of life, that it seemed to improve her joys, and exert a more softening influence on her heart. It was then that she felt more deeply all the tender sympathies of nature, all the power and tenderness of parental love and attachment; and in the interchange of endearing attentions and smiles and kind offices between her and her anxious partner and children and friends, was her happiness increased. It was then that her heart seemed to expand in kind wishes, and feelings of benevolent concern, not only to those within the circle of her friends and intimate acquaintances, but to others, none of whom did she feel a disposition to exclude from a share in her charitable feelings on account of any difference of religious opinions. Though she had her particular favorite views, yet she did not yield to the temptation to deny to others the Christian character and hopes. Whenever she discovered the Christian temper, the image of Christ, she loved the subject; and their supposed errors did not hinder her extending to any her Christian regards. The spirit and feelings she expressed and manifested on this subject were such as we could wish and devoutly pray may pervade and actuate every member of every sect and denomination of Christians; such as will be found in every meek and humble follower of Christ.

Such were some of the virtues, such the character, of Mrs. T., whose mortal remains were recently committed to the bosom of the earth. And such a character and life must secure to her friends, who survive her but to mourn, the privilege of mourning not without hope. Yes, we indulge them in the consolations imparted by the hope that what is their loss is her gain; that, since she has left the scenes of earth, she has found an entrance into those regions, seen by the apostle only in prophetic visions

and revelations, which the things that so often embitter the pilgrimage of mortal man can never invade. "There shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying; neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things are passed away."

To the bereaved husband of the deceased, deprived as he now is of the companion of his journey, the sharer of his pleasures and hopes, his burdens and toils, cares and solitudes, her death must be an irreparable loss. We wish for him the consolations derived from those sources to which he has been accustomed to point the beloved people of his charge in seasons of trial and sorrow. And may he and they so mingle their joys in prosperity, their sorrows and sympathies in adversity, their labors, cares, and solitudes in preparing for that great change which awaits them, that they may finally meet with those who have gone before them in bliss, and mingle their praises together in that future world

"Where momentary ages are no more,"

and time and chance and pain and suffering and death are ended.

D. — PAGE 31.

THE BARRE SLAVE CASE,

THE FIRST TRIED UNDER THE CONSTITUTION OF 1779-80.

I am indebted to the learned and accurate pen of the Rev. GEORGE ALLEN, of Worcester, for the following statement. I regret that the length of his very able letter on the subject prevents its publication entire:—

This was the case of a negro man named Walker, belonging to this town. Quock, as Walker was commonly called,—for slaves, having in law no fathers, and their mothers no husbands, have themselves no surnames, but are called like horses and dogs, as the whims of their masters and a degrading system may dictate,—had been a slave of Nathaniel Jennison, a substantial farmer of Barre, who still claimed him as a slave. The constitution was ratified in the spring of 1780, and it was now sum-

mer, when a long day's freedom was worth something more than a short day's bondage in winter. Haying was at hand, and Quock was a rare hand at haying. About this time, William Caldwell, senior, a neighbor of Jennison, and of Quock too, told the latter that he was a free man, and offered him wages if he would bear the heat and burden of the day on his farm, — a proposal made still more inviting by the promise of Caldwell that he would stand between him and harm if Jennison should punish him for being free. Quock loved both liberty and the reward of his own hard toil, though he had never tasted of either; and, being in other respects a man, though an African, pondered the matter, and resolved to be a freeman in Caldwell's employ rather than be a slave in Jennison's for nothing. Accordingly, on a summer's morning, having had orders the night before from Jennison to be up betimes and mow in his field, Quock was up by daybreak, and soon found his way to Caldwell's meadow, with a scythe as busy and as sure as Time's. After a while, Jennison went to his field to see that all was well; but Quock was not there, nor any trace of his handiwork: not a swarth was laid, not a flower of the field fallen. Jennison, who was a man of sense, quickly cast about him, and suspected the whereabouts of the fugitive. He at once hied over to Caldwell's farm, where, at a distance, he soon spied Quock, as busy in Caldwell's meadow as he had ever seen him in his own. He suddenly stopped on the brow of the hill, and halloed to the new-made freeman *to go home!* but Quock was so attentive to his work, or so engrossed in contemplating the sweets of liberty, that he seemed to hear nothing from a distance. Jennison hurried down the hill, and, having come within sure hailing distance, tried the persuasion of *hard threats*; but all in vain, for Quock, encouraged by Caldwell's presence, and not forgetting the promise of a strong and resolute man to stand between him and harm, answered never a word, but kept on mowing, as though nothing had happened. Jennison, baffled in his experiment, and well knowing where he was, and with whom he had to do, went back, more vexed than he came, resolved to bide his time, which, after lingering, at last came, though not altogether in the very shape he looked for.

How soon Jennison re-assumed his authority over Quock, as his slave, I cannot say; but the first experiment I know of was that which gave rise to the trial in the Supreme Court, whose

issue settled for ever the question of slavery in Massachusetts; and it is remarkable that so few particulars are recorded of a case which excited, at the time of the occurrence, so much interest, and was followed by consequences so marked and lasting. Seventy years have elapsed since the issue was tried, and freedom triumphed. The men who witnessed it are gone; and the voices of tradition have become few and indistinct. The personal narrative already given is related on hearsay, not very recent. What follows I take from a copy of the record of court, obtained several years ago, and now before me in the crabbed and uncouth dialect of ancient legal barbarity.

By the record it appears, that, "on the first day of May, A.D. 1781, the said Nathaniel, with his fist and a large stick, which the said Nathaniel held in his hand, the said Quock did beat, bruise, and evilly intreat, and him the said Quock, with force and arms, did imprison during the space of two hours." The indictment was found at the September term of the Supreme Court, 1781; but the trial did not take place till the April term of 1783, at which term Jennison was found guilty, and sentenced to pay a fine of forty shillings, with the costs of prosecution, and ordered to stand committed till sentence be performed. The record states that Jennison pleaded *not guilty*, but does not indicate the ground of his defence, nor any opinion of the court from which it might be inferred. Both, however, are briefly stated by Dr. Belknap, in his correspondence with Judge Tucker, of Virginia, in 1796, in which he says: "His [Jennison's] defence was, that the black was his slave, and that the beating, &c., was the necessary restraint and correction of the master. This was answered by citing the clause in the Declaration of Rights,—'All men are born free and equal.' The judges and jury were of opinion that he had no right to beat or imprison the negro."—(Collections of Mass. Hist. Society, vol. iv.)

The issue of the prosecution of Jennison was virtually the decision of the highest tribunal in the State, that slavery had no legal existence in Massachusetts; and its immediate effect was to set free all who were then held in bondage within her jurisdiction. It carried out, in its true idea, the unanimous resolve of the convention that formed the constitution, "that the government of Massachusetts shall be a FREE REPUBLIC." It was the first decision on this continent, if not the first in the world, which gave

freedom to the collective slaves of a sovereign State where a like servitude had been expressly or tacitly allowed. Several cases, however, had occurred, in other parts of Massachusetts, of slaves suing their masters in the inferior courts for freedom and wages; and "the juries invariably gave their verdict in favor of liberty;" but the legal effect of such verdicts reached none but the parties immediately concerned. . . . I have searched, both here and in Boston, where the early records of the Supreme Court were exclusively kept, for the list of the grand jury which found the indictment, but without success. The names of the jury which tried the *Barre Slave Case*, if I may now venture to call it such, were—foreman, Jonas How, and fellows, William McFarland, Isaac Choate, Joseph Bigelow, John White, Daniel Ballard, Ebenezer Lovell, Phillips Goodridge, John Lyon, Jonathan Woodbury, Thomas White, and John Town.

E. — PAGE 32.

Thinking I saw in my parish unusual indifference to the ministrations of the sanctuary; fearing that they were getting tired of the voice to which they had been so long used; believing also that a younger man would be more able to awaken an interest in the subject of religion; and discovering, as I thought, premonitions that my life was soon to close, I was for a considerable period very anxious that a successor should be established in my place. I knew, at the same time, that the parish could not well support two ministers. Accordingly, on the 9th of June, 1845, I sent a communication to the parish, asking to "be released from the active duties of the pastoral office as soon as a suitable preacher could be obtained in my place," and relinquishing my salary. Whereupon it was voted, "That the parish comply with the request of the Rev. Dr. Thompson to withdraw his services as the laboring clergy-

man of the parish, in order that a young man may be selected as their spiritual guide; and that the self-sacrificing proposition he has made for accomplishing this object evinces that deep interest in the growth and prosperity of the society which has ever marked his conduct in regard to this Christian flock."

My first colleague, the Rev. Henry F. Bond, was ordained January 7, 1846, and resigned April 1, 1851. My present colleague, the Rev. Charles E. Hodges, was ordained on the 11th day of June, 1851.



PROCEEDINGS.

IT having been understood that Dr. THOMPSON intended to notice the occasion of his Fiftieth Anniversary by appropriate services, at the suggestion of SAMUEL WADSWORTH, Esq., of Boston, and upon consultation by friends in that city, the following circular was issued :—

BOSTON, November, 1853.

Sir, — On Wednesday, the 11th day of January next, will occur the Fiftieth Anniversary of the settlement of the Rev. JAMES THOMPSON, D.D., as pastor of “the First Parish in Barre;” and it is proposed to notice the occasion by religious and other appropriate public observances.

At the present time, in New England, once so noted for the continued labors of her clergymen over the flocks of their charge through many succeeding years, it is a rare event for a Christian minister to find himself, near the close of a long life, at the head of the same parish that welcomed him to her service in his early days; and, when such an event occurs as the one to which we allude, it is worthy of commemoration.

Actuated by this feeling, a meeting of former members of “the Old Society” was held in Boston on the 17th inst.; and the undersigned were chosen a Committee to extend an invitation to those who have gone out from the parish to reside in other sections of the country, to assemble in Barre on the occasion alluded to; and the Committee were instructed to make any arrangements which may be deemed expedient to render the anniversary a time of joyful reunion of those who, in times past, gathered around the same Christian altar, and listened to the instructions of him

who, after the lapse of half a century of ministerial labors, is still in the land of the living to invoke a blessing on those who may assemble around him on the eventful day.

In furtherance of the object, the Committee would urgently invite you to be present on the occasion; and, furthermore, it has been suggested that not only custom in such cases, but numerous considerations, make it proper that there should be presented to the venerable pastor, at the time, some tangible token of the respect and affection in which he is held by those who were formerly of his flock. The propriety of such a token of regard cannot be questioned by those who know of the sacrifices which his love for the Society has led him to make, and which, in his old age, deprived him of that support which gratitude and affection should supply.

The funds contributed will be presented to Dr. Thompson on the day of the anniversary ceremonies, and the names of the donors will be communicated with the same.

Any sum which you may be pleased to transmit you will inclose to either of the Committee, who will see that it is added to the common fund.

Assurances have been received from the Rev. Dr. Thompson, that he will deliver an Address to the past and present members of the parish, in the Unitarian Church, at half past ten o'clock, A.M., on the day alluded to. In the evening of the same day, the Society will hold a levee at the Town Hall.

Among the objects it is designed to promote by a public observance of the Fiftieth Anniversary of the settlement of Dr. Thompson, is that of drawing those together who were formerly residents of the town, but who are now scattered over the land, that they may renew and keep alive those friendships which were formed in earlier years; more especially, however, to offer the venerable pastor those assurances of respect and affection which will cheer and comfort him in his old age.

MARSHALL S. PERRY, Boston.

DANIEL HARWOOD, „

SAMUEL WADSWORTH, „

J. HENRY HILL, Worcester.

TIMOTHY JENKINS, Oneida Castle, N.Y.

ALDEN B. SMITH, Madison, Indiana.

ASA HAPGOOD, City of New York.

The parish also held a meeting, and appointed a Committee to make the proper arrangements. That Committee immediately issued the circular below : —

On Wednesday, the 11th day of January next, will occur the Fiftieth Anniversary of the settlement of the Rev. James Thompson, D.D., as pastor of "the First Parish in Barre;" and the event will be noticed by appropriate public observances.

The Rev. Dr. Thompson will deliver a Discourse in the Unitarian Church, at half past ten o'clock, A.M.; and, on the evening of the same day, the members of the Society will hold a levee at the Town Hall, for the purpose of publicly welcoming their friends from abroad, and to furnish an opportunity for the interchange of affectionate greetings and congratulations.

The Committee cordially extend an invitation to the public to be present, and would state, that such assurances have been received from several gentlemen of distinction in various parts of the country of their intention to take a part in the anniversary ceremonies, as will render the occasion one of unusual interest.

Ample arrangements will be made by the Committee to entertain all who may visit Barre for the purpose of being present at the anniversary.

WILLARD BROAD,
HIRAM WADSWORTH,
JAMES W. JENKINS, Jr.,
ABIATHER LAWRENCE,
DANIEL CUMMINGS,
LYMAN F. ROGERS,
LEMUEL P. RICE.

BARRE, Dec. 28, 1853.

Pursuant to these invitations, and a general notice from all the pulpits of the town, a very large congregation, crowding the church, was assembled on the morning of the 11th. The day was pleasant, and the occasion brought together many — ministers and laymen — from all the neighboring towns, who seemed well-pleased to participate, with the returned children of Barre and those at home, in the religious and social festivities. The exercises were as follows : —

I. INVOCATION BY REV. HENRY F. BOND, OF DOVER, N. H.

II. ANTHEM — “OH ! LET US SING UNTO THE LORD.”

III. PRAYER BY REV. CHARLES E. HODGES, JUNIOR PASTOR.

IV. HYMN, READ BY DR. THOMPSON.

God of my childhood and my youth,
 The Guide of all my days,
 I have declared thy heavenly truth,
 And told thy wondrous ways.

Wilt thou forsake my hoary hairs,
 And leave my fainting heart ?
 Who shall sustain my sinking years,
 If God, my strength, depart ?

Let me thy power and truth proclaim
 Before the rising age,
 And leave a savor of thy name
 When I shall quit the stage.

The land of silence and of death
 Attends my next remove ;
 Oh, may these poor remains of breath
 Teach all the world thy love !

V. SERMON.

VI. PRAYER BY DR. THOMPSON.

VII. DOXOLOGY — “FROM ALL THAT DWELL BELOW THE SKIES.”

[Sung by the Congregation.]

VIII. THE APOSTOLIC BLESSING.

LEVEE. — In the evening, a large number of ladies and gentlemen belonging to Barre welcomed their friends at the Town Hall. Here the proceedings were highly interesting. A table was laid from end to end through the middle of the hall, which was abundantly supplied with good things for the appetite, and tastefully ornamented with flowers. After an hour spent in animated conversation, during which many old friendships were renewed, the company was called to order, when a blessing was invoked by Rev. ALPHEUS HARDING, of New Salem, a native of Barre, and one of the oldest and most respected ministers in the vicinity. At the close of the feast, the President of the evening, Hon. N. F. BRYANT, took the chair, and, in a few appropriate and eloquent words, introduced the Hon. TIMOTHY JENKINS, late member of Congress, from Oneida Castle, N.Y. Mr. Jenkins spoke as follows:—

Mr. President, Ladies, and Gentlemen,— Before proceeding to the execution of the trust assigned me, allow me to congratulate you upon this occasion. The day has been one of great interest to us all. This renewal of early associations, this reunion of affections, so fruitful of rational enjoyment at all times, is at this time inexpressibly dear to my heart. Let us treasure it up in recollection. Let us make it the means of uniting us more closely in the bonds of fraternal and Christian fellowship.

We who have taken up our abode out of this parish have come as to a father's house, to take our aged pastor by the hand, to listen to instruction from his lips, and to celebrate the day with our brethren here. Our lots have been cast, in some instances, remote from each other, and far from the scenes of our youth; but we have never neglected to turn our affections to the homes of our parents, and to bring into the family circle our early religious teacher and friend. Could these imaginary groups prove a reality, hearts now touched with sadness would swell with irrepressible and unrestrained joy. I know that some that are gone rise up in your memories, and who, if living, would have been present, and not less buoyant in spirit, not less generous

in affectionate regard, than the foremost here. For here they received the first impulse which awakened them to the appropriate duties of life. Here they learned the first lessons, moral and religious, which shone upon their pathway as a lamp to their feet through this to another and a better state of existence. If the departed are allowed to look down upon the transactions of this world, then indeed has this been a day of triumphant thanksgiving.

Reverend sir, I am appointed by many former members of your parish to present you this purse of money, not as the measure, but in some degree emblematical, of our high regard to you as a friend, and of our warmest gratitude for your long and faithful services, and your eminent ability and success as a religious teacher. We beg you to accept it, sir. It is the heart's voluntary offering to a whole life of usefulness.

I take the more pleasure in the performance of this trust, because a suitable opportunity is thereby afforded for alluding to circumstances brought fresh to mind by the present celebration. I like to dwell upon my native town, and events which have transpired here. I like to speak of the people, their enterprise, their prosperity, their intelligence, their genial friendship, and their educational and religious institutions. But, upon this occasion, allow me to confine my remarks chiefly to subjects relating to the First Congregational Society and their respected senior pastor.

If, sir, you were a young man, having advanced but a little way upon a career of usefulness, instead of indulging in the freedom of remark which I propose, some remote allusion to yourself and your labors would be more appropriate. But I am quite sure that you, whose life mainly rests in the past, whose early aspirations have gone into unchanging history, will allow a friend, though somewhat below you on the scale of time, to speak frankly, without incurring the charge of adulation.

A half-century sermon is an unusual occurrence at any time, — a rare one where, as in the present instance, the clergyman has remained pastor of the same society for the period of fifty years. This is high commendation both to pastor and people. It evinces a steadiness of purpose, essential alike to the successful maintenance of religious institutions, and the achievement of all valuable results.

Fifty years ago to-day, in the old meeting-house upon the common, then without a spire, but of comely aspect and stately dimensions, a scene transpired not yet effaced from the memory of any inhabitant now living. The numerous free seats in front of the old-fashioned pulpit, the capacious square pews, and the long range of galleries, were early filled to their utmost capacity. Decrepit age, more in the next world than in this, bending over his staff, was there to hallow with thank-offering the impressive ceremonial of the day. Manhood, laying aside the pressure of worldly cares, with thoughtful brow and hopeful heart, was there; for upon him devolved the high duty of providing moral and religious instruction for that and the rising generation. Matronly devotion, youth and beauty, the beaming face of childhood, — all were there, breathing forth emotions joyous but multitudinous as were the diversities of age, thought, affections, ties, and relationships. The neighboring clergy, bearing no imposing insignia of hierarchy, no blandishments of temporal power, but clothed with the simple and sublime “right to preach the gospel because they had the ability to preach the gospel,” constituted an attractive group; for genius and virtue and piety, then as ever, held dominion over the best affections of the heart. I need not describe the intense interest with which the assembled congregation fixed their attention upon *one* among that group. They could not suppress feelings of conscious pride, when the young clergyman, just ripened into the full vigor of manhood, gifted by nature, endowed from the rich treasury of the schools, and taught of our divine Master, rose before them to take upon himself his duties as their ordained pastor.

Upon both sides this new connection had been well considered. On the one hand, it was gratifying that a young clergyman of great promise had accepted the parish call; on the other, that a large and affluent Society should with great unanimity give their confidence to a man so young. The words that were there said, the prayers that were offered, and the hymns that were sung, produced a deep and lasting impression, and tended to work out, in practical result, what before had existed only in expectation.

Thus, on that day, in that house, reverently dedicated to the service of God and the preparation of man for a higher and happier state of being, were you ordained the pastor of this

parish, — an event so connected with the educational, moral, and religious culture of this town as to make an epoch in its history.

This connection of pastor and people is allied to ties of the nearest kindred. He shares their joys and their sorrows. He is identified with their prosperity. Their calamity is his calamity. The delicate and multiplied relations of life are laid open to his counsel. He watches, with parental care, the unfolding of early promise, and skilfully bends the pliant shoot upwards. If, in the course of events, some spark is struck into the youthful mind, which kindles and burns, — if some of his flock, impelled by the healthy development of latent powers in the soul, range beyond the common orbit, and shine in remoter skies, there also, like a guardian angel, are his encouraging aspirations to sway and sustain. In health or in sickness, by the cradle or at the grave, the appointed disciple of our great Master chastens joy or assuages grief with the consolations of our holy religion.

It has been your lot, sir, in no common measure, to fill the highest ideal of a religious teacher. You were among the first to enlarge the sphere of parochial duties, by extending your fostering hand to the school-room. You, at the time, could not have been aware of the full effect produced by your inspiring influence in these little nurseries of virtue and knowledge. You were there brought in close proximity to the discerning and delicately sensitive minds of youth, who treasured up every encouraging look and every kind word of their revered pastor. I remember, to this day, with what admirable address and natural tenderness you brushed off the rough edge of a remark which had inadvertently fallen from another, and caused joy to beam from the bright eye which had just been clouded by a tear. Like Him who “took little children in his arms,” you had learned the way to the heart of the young. They felt no awkward constraint in your presence, no license to indulge in rudeness; but, elevated by your own bearing, a spirit of manly and womanly emulation insensibly pervaded the little congregation of learners, imparting polish to manners, dignity to character, and attraction to virtue. Among the glorious gifts of Providence, I rank that the highest which comes to and mingles with the spontaneous, overflowing affections of children. Above the arts of oratory, it is itself the heart and soul of eloquence. Much of your usefulness is attributable to this high endowment. Your precepts and your example,

caught up by youth, perhaps in some remote and unobserved corner, have been carried as upon wings, and scattered broadcast over the land.

The controversy between Unitarian and Trinitarian Christians is the most important event which has ever occurred in the ecclesiastical history of this country. When we consider the magnitude of the questions involved, the talent and research displayed, and the effects already produced, and still likely to result, from that controversy, we are disposed to rank it second only to the Reformation of the fifteenth century. Like the American Revolution, its origin dates far back of the open rupture; but it came on so gradually, that few, if any, anticipated the magnitude of the storm that was coming. That such a wide difference of opinion should, at that day, create a corresponding chasm in society, was obvious. It was quite natural, that this difference, great as it truly was, should be magnified far beyond the reality; and that Christian fellowship should be denied to those who rejected creeds venerable for authorship and age, though repugnant alike to reason and the teachings of Scripture. Hence, sacrifices were to be endured, friendships broken, affections alienated.

Some minds are naturally controlled by sternness and severity. Others, differently constituted, are guided chiefly by the milder virtues of humanity and benevolence. Man, therefore, when left free to choose for himself, usually adopts that form of religion, which, from its coincidence with his native tendencies, is calculated to produce the most salutary influence upon his own conduct. The Calvinistic and Unitarian theologies were well suited to supply the wants of these two classes of intellect. It was therefore to be expected, that both should develop themselves in your parish.

All of the patience of your great Exemplar, and wisdom more than human, were needed in this severe struggle. The denial to Unitarians of a place upon the catalogue of Christians, the hot severity with which our faith was denounced, and the assumed duty of the votaries of Calvinistic Christianity, without much reference to adequate ability, of sounding their shibboleth in all ears, willing or unwilling, greatly complicated your pastoral duties. You did not meet denunciation with denunciation; you did not rebuke exclusion by exclusion; you did not invade the walks of private life with dogmatic theology; but, by the humility of your devotions, with the peaceful armor of reason and

revelation in the desk, and by the purity of your daily life, you safely led your flock through that fitful gale.

“And as the bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,”

so, with equal tenderness and unsurpassed skill, you guided the minds and affections of your hearers onward towards that higher life, where the trials and afflictions of this are unknown.

I am far from regarding this controversy between Unitarian and Trinitarian Christians as a calamity. It has stimulated thought, extended religious inquiry, and greatly contributed to a more thorough examination of the Holy Scriptures. If this controversy had transpired in some other countries, bloodshed might have been the result. But here each party, unaided by the civil arm, was obliged to resort to reason and revelation as the only appropriate weapons. These weapons never fail to produce peaceful results. Hence we find the parties much nearer together than when the contest began. Whatever may be said of Unitarians and their present position, certain it is that the leading minds in the Trinitarian ranks — Barnes, Bushnell, Park, and the Beechers — have so modified many of the sterner points in the old Calvinistic theology, as to approach, in some respects, quite near the line of Unitarianism, without losing caste in the ranks of Orthodoxy. This result has been produced by honest, frank, and persevering investigation and study. More sound knowledge upon both sides will yet contribute to greater unity; for truth is universal, — error, limited and partial.

The field of your labors has been as broad in extent as duration. From the seaboard to the valley of the Mississippi, churches and school-houses, cities, villages, and hamlets, have welcomed from your voice the tidings of salvation. When shall another rise up, and, in the same self-sacrificing spirit, minister to the religious wants of the destitute? Who else, at such an advanced age, will forego the peaceful enjoyments of home and kindred, to heed the call of the hungry and the naked? In such service, life has no afternoon: it is all morning. It has no night; for deeds like these perpetually illumine the soul.

The sharp conflicts which signalized the first half of the present century are happily passing away; and a broader and a more generous spirit is gradually extending itself among all denomina-

tions. The better minds of the present day have come to regard sectarianism as a malady; for it circumscribes thought, and stifles the noblest impulses of the heart. How much has been lost by the frigid partition-walls contrived and built up by the arrogance and selfishness of man! When shall that free, *Christian* spirit which knows no bounds be allowed to flow unconstrained everywhere, as from an exhaustless fountain? Surely the soul has depths yet unexplored; virtues yet to be developed: affections stronger and better than have yet been permitted to take their appropriate place upon the theatre of action. Sir, your high mission of spreading the gospel without reference to these artificial distinctions has been well done. Your large and generous endowments have all been devoted to the dissemination of sound and practical Christianity.

To this address Dr. THOMPSON at once responded extemporaneously, with deep feeling and great beauty of language. The Committee regret that he is wholly unable to recall his reply, so as to report it for publication. They can give, from recollection, only a very imperfect sketch of it. He began something as follows:—

“My honored Friend, Ladies and Gentlemen,—I presume you have all been in situations either of joy or sorrow, when the emotions of the heart were so big and overpowering that the tongue utterly failed in ability to express them. Such is my situation this evening.” He then referred to the circumstances which had awakened these emotions. He said, that, for many days past, he had been receiving letters from one and another of his friends,—some from a distance, and others from the neighborhood,—reviving recollections of their former acquaintance with him, and manifesting their present interest in him, full of kind and tender expressions of unmerited regard; that to-day, besides the exciting and exhausting services of the church, his hand had been pressed with so much warmth by large numbers of his former parishioners, whom he had had the privilege to meet; that now, again, this evening, to listen to such eloquent sentiments as had just fallen from his distinguished but too partial friend; and to see them thus, young and old, expressing their

affection for him, speaking such kind and respectful words, uniting in such generous TESTIMONIALS, — all this so confused, so overcame him, that he had no power to say more, in reply to the address, than that from his heart he thanked them! — he thanked them, one and all, who had contributed to the joy of this occasion by their attendance. He included those from out of town, and those who had quietly left the Old Society to join others in the place, and whom he gladly recognized there, and from some of whom he had received that day renewed proof of their friendship, — he included these with his own immediate household of faith. He thanked them for coming here, and for the very liberal present which they had been pleased to make him. “May God reward you,” he said, “with blessings a hundred fold!” He concluded by adverting to the solemn thought that soon all earthly things with them would be at an end, and by expressing the devout hope and prayer that they might all meet together in “the realms of everlasting day.”

The purse presented by Mr. Jenkins contained the sum of four hundred and twenty-eight dollars. At the same time, a parchment-roll, containing the names of the contributors, — but without mentioning the sum of each, — elegantly engrossed, was placed in the hands of Dr. Thompson. The President then read the following letter from Rev. Mr. WELLINGTON, of Templeton: —

Rev. James Thompson, D.D.: Dear Sir, — It would give me great pleasure to accept your kind invitation to come to Barre on the 11th inst., and be present on the occasion of noticing the fiftieth anniversary of your ordination by appropriate religious services. But I regret exceedingly to say, that, by reason of my recent serious attack of illness, and the want of sufficient recovery therefrom, I am deprived of both the privilege and the honor of an acceptance. Yet, while I shall regret my bodily absence, I shall, at the same time, be with you in spirit on that occasion. It will be one of deep and exciting interest to yourself and to your devoted friends, and still beloved flock; it must bring up afresh reminiscences of incidents and experiences in the past history of your ministry, which will touch a chord that will neither easily

nor soon cease to vibrate in the heart. It must awaken thoughts and reflections, both lively and sober; recollections of associations and events, grave and gay; seasons of gladness and sorrow; "scenes exalted or depressed," in which you have found refuge and support, great peace and consolation in God, in the gospel of his Son, and in the sympathies of a Christian people and of loving hearts. Let me add, that I shall be with you in spirit on that near-approaching occasion, because it will bring vividly to remembrance the period of my own ordination, now nearly forty-seven years ago, at which you were present, and from which may be dated the beginning of an intercourse between us, which, I would flatter myself, has been mutually satisfactory, as it has been to me personally a source of both profit and pleasure, and during which I have had your timely aid, and received many marks, full proofs, of your sympathy and kindness.

Allow me to add further, that my regrets for necessary absence will be relieved greatly by the assurance you have given me, that my friend and classmate, Deacon Greele, will be with you, because he will be a sure helper of your joy and the joy of your many faithful friends; because he will bring with him a just appreciation of the duties, labors, and trials, together with the encouragement and joys, of a minister's work; an appreciation, too, of the true wants and interests of a religious society. So well is he known, and so extensively are his services sought and rendered on public occasions, that his presence on centennial and semi-centennial celebrations is regarded essential to a happy and more successful issue. If I am not much mistaken, he originally designed, studied, and prepared himself for the clerical profession, and wrote, if he did not deliver, occasionally, a few sermons. Why he gave up its pursuit, I know not, neither can I even conjecture the cause, unless it was a misunderstanding, a misapplication of the apostolic injunction, limitation rather, that a Bishop must be the husband of one wife; which some, and he too, of the number, may have interpreted to mean, that in no event, and under no circumstances whatever, shall a minister be allowed to receive, for a second, third, or fourth time, the hand of a fair lady. Be that as it may, his life has been one of large significance, filled with worthy deeds; and it will leave its mark on existing society and the passing generation, so far, at least, as these celebrations are concerned. Should the religious services of

the coming happy occasion be followed by a social gathering of the fair, addresses, and social festivities, I think I may assure you, that, being an ex-alderman of the city of Boston, he will be qualified to do justice to the physical entertainments provided; and you may be further assured, he will contribute his full share to "the feast of reason," and possibly his *mite* to "the flow of soul:" that, however, I leave for the ladies to decide.

And now, my dear and honored friend, I truly congratulate you that you have lived to witness and to welcome this fiftieth anniversary of your ordination, to behold the fruits of your long, protracted ministry; and that you are permitted, in a green old age, to receive so many marks of high consideration and regard, so many expressions of continued attachment, friendship, and affection from those to whom your services have been so long and faithfully rendered.

I close this communication by subjoining a sentiment.

Please accept Christian salutations for yourself, and for your brethren and friends in Christ, from your brother and their sincere well-wisher and friend, in the bonds of a common faith and fellowship,

CHAS. WELLINGTON.

TEMPLETON, Jan. 6, 1854.

THE SENTIMENT.

THE REV. DR. THOMPSON AND THE SURVIVING MEMBERS OF HIS FLOCK — May their recollections of the past be no less vivid, pleasant, and enduring, and their visions of the future no less bright and cheering, than their connection with each other has been long, useful, and happy!

Deacon GREELE, of Boston, whose presence greatly enlivened the occasion, was then introduced, and spoke as follows: —

Mr. President, — It is a beautiful custom in Germany to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of one's nuptials with appropriate ceremonies. This observance, which is called the Golden Wedding, is not entirely unknown to us in New England. The children and grandchildren, the neighbors and friends, are invited to visit the old mansion where the venerable couple have passed fifty years of wedded life, and join in congratulations and festivities befitting the observance. What can be more appropriate than such an occasion, where the grave experience of age blends

with the bright hopes of youth, each modifying and beautifying the other ?

As the ordination-service which connects a minister with a particular parish has been compared to the marriage-rite, I trust it will not be thought a forced analogy to consider this Fiftieth Anniversary as the Golden Wedding of our friend the pastor and the parish.

We have come, Mr. President, some of us from a distance, to rejoice with you on this delightful occasion. Let us, my friends, make the most of it ; for so precarious is the tenure of the pastoral office in these days, that we may not live to witness the like again. Ordinations are frequent. Golden weddings of minister and people are of rare occurrence. Go back fifty years to the time when the Rev. Dr. Thompson was settled over you, and you will find that to ordain a minister then had a meaning very different from what it has at the present time. The pastor and people took each other, in confiding love, for better and for worse, with the mutual understanding that death alone should sever the tie which bound them together. The clergyman then never more dreamed of leaving his people than he would have thought of repudiating the wife of his bosom ; and the parish no more thought of dismissing their minister, and settling a younger one in his stead, than a staid matron would now think of eloping with a young lover to Oregon or California, in quest of some fancied good, or to avenge some imaginary wrong. Their plans for mutual improvement and happiness were far-reaching, embracing the succeeding as well as the present generation.

The parsonage-house was not then slightly built, as if for a tenant at will ; its massive strength indicating that it was designed for a long-lived occupant. The trees which the minister planted in early manhood he fondly hoped would shade him in his declining years. His official acts had a prospective, no less than a present, meaning. When he sprinkled the baptismal waters on the brow of the new-born babe, he virtually became sponsor for its education in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. When he joined hands in holy wedlock, and blessed the nuptial rite, did he not impliedly promise that he would sympathize in all the joys and sorrows of wedded life ? But all these associations can be formed and matured only by time. As a general rule, a transient minister cannot preach so effectually to

a people as one who, by long residence, becomes spiritually acclimated to their modes of thought and habits of life. Besides, age gives weight to a venerable clergyman's counsels and instructions. Hearers will often listen to reproofs from the aged pastor which they would not tolerate from a younger minister. As the parish, no less than the closet, is his study, and men and manners, no less than the works of dead or living authors, are the books which he reads, his sermons are something more than barren abstractions. Emanating from a heart that has been in contact with the living heart of humanity, they reach the hearts of his hearers with the power of living realities. As an arbiter and peacemaker, he often harmonizes discordant elements in his society, and thus saves to angry disputants fees which would otherwise go into the pockets of the lawyers. The residence of a good, pious minister may be a benediction to a people long after he has ceased to instruct them from the sacred desk. His words of wisdom, combined with the experience of a godly life, may prove more efficacious than whole sermons from the lips of youthful inexperience. Think you the loving disciple who leaned on the bosom of his Master, and imbibed his spirit, was leading a useless life, when his limbs, trembling with age, could only bear him from house to house with the message to its inmates, "Little children, love one another" ?

If there are members of other Christian societies here present, permit me to say to them, Would you enjoy the full benefit of the pastoral office, give your pastor a life-lease in the parish. It is too much the custom of these days to bargain with a minister for a limited time of service, as a farmer would engage a day-laborer, in the busy season of the year, to aid him in getting in his hay, or in harvesting his autumnal crops ; and there is little more solemnity in the one transaction than in the other. Both are paid the stipulated sum when the time expires ; and the young minister is off again, like any other hireling, in quest of work and wages. Such rolling stones as these gather little moss for themselves, and impart but little nutriment to the soil over which they revolve. An eccentric old minister once counselled a young candidate to be ordained on horseback, with spurs on his boots, that he might be prepared, on a moment's warning, to start, whenever his people should hint to him that his services were no longer needed.

The Christian Society that has invited us to witness the transactions of this day has set an example worthy of being recorded in the annals of Christendom. Though this may be called a family gathering, I feel, my Christian friends, as if I had a claim to share in the festive hospitalities and the religious joys of this occasion; for my acquaintance with your venerable pastor commenced some time before his settlement in this place. As we were destined for the same profession, our sympathies were in unison. The affinities of a common faith bound us still more closely together. I had the happiness of listening to the first sermon he preached, after he had received his certificate of approbation as a candidate for the Christian ministry. I believe I have not had the pleasure of hearing him preach again till I listened to him at this time. Though the outer man is somewhat changed, I trust the inner one has been renewed day by day. His utterance, his manner, his form and feature, prove to me that he is the identical young Mr. Thompson to whom I listened in the South Parish of Andover more than fifty years ago. May we have such proofs of his identity for years to come! I do assure my venerable brother that his friends would not have his identity exchanged for that of any one else.

How many sacred associations, my friends, cluster around your beloved senior pastor, as he stands before you this day! Baptismal dedications, marriage rites, funeral obsequies, and the word fitly spoken and in season, are all memorials of his pastoral fidelity, and of his interest in you and yours. May they prove incentives to your continued sympathy, support, and love!

The fruits of your ministry, my dear sir, are doubtless visible in the characters of many here present, who are your sons and daughters by a spiritual genealogy; for your mark is indelibly engraven on their souls. May you be permitted to recognize them as your children in the faith, in that future world where moral affinities are the only relations which are known and sanctioned by the unerring judgment of Heaven!

I am happy to meet so many ladies at the festive board. May we not consider the unmarried ones as the bridesmaids of this Golden Wedding? I hope they will all live to have silver and golden weddings of their own, in happy homes provided for them by loving lords! Were I fifty years younger, I would add, "May I be there to see and hear!" As this must be the privi-

lege of some younger man, I take leave to appoint my good friend, Rev. Dr. Thompson, of Salem, to represent me on the delightful occasions to which I have alluded. May he have the happiness of blessing you and yours with the beatitudes of the gospel in abodes consecrated by virtue, piety, and wedded love !

Mr. Greele, before he sat down, took from his pocket a sum of money which he said he wished to cast, not as a widow's or *widower's* "mite" into the treasury, and for which he said he was indebted to some of his kind friends in Boston. Mr. Greele then passed into the hands of the President a sealed package, which he said was the *codicil* to his speech, and, when probated, to be passed over to his venerable friend. The President, on opening the package, found it to contain *one hundred and five dollars*, which was passed over to Dr. Thompson.

Dr. THOMPSON, of Salem, briefly responded for his father, — too much wearied to speak again, — expressing heartfelt thanks to the gentleman for having come so far at this season of the year, on so kind an errand, and for the exceedingly generous offering he had brought and laid on the altar of an ancient friendship.

Colonel ARTEMAS LEE, of Templeton, was next called upon. Colonel Lee said : —

Mr. President, — Without notice or preparation to meet your requisition, I had taken a seat for retirement and silence ; a position much more compatible with the entertainments of the evening than the one you have called me to occupy.

I fain would be offended, if offence towards the President would relieve me ; but, as it is, I will at once comply, as fortunately the lateness of the hour and the want of time are in my favor.

It is truly a most interesting and grateful occasion, — interesting, because it is morally instructive ; grateful, because it is an occasion for gladness and joyfulness.

It has brought together the scattered emigrants and natives of

the old and respectable town of Barre, not only to greet and shake hands with the reverend and the venerable man "whom we all delight to honor," and for whose hold on life and health we congratulate him and ourselves, but also to mingle with the citizens of Barre and its vicinity, to interchange congratulations not only among ourselves, but with them, and to partake of their hospitality; — an event which, but for this anniversary, would probably never have happened; an event which can never happen to *us all* again.

I repeat, the occasion is propitious, and intensely interesting. It is most emphatically one for reminiscences. It carries us back fifty years, a period which, in the great calendar of Time, is but a dot; and yet, in man's earthly existence, it is the full number of years vouchsafed to him above those of his minority. Few there are who attain to it, and few, indeed, among *that few* and far between, who attain it in a professional vocation. One instance is before us, and it is a marked one, distinguished for signal professional talents, eloquence, and reputation.

In his discourse to-day, the reverend gentleman brought before us an impressive review, exciting indeed to the few of us who were of an age to remember of the men and their characters, who were upon the stage at the time he came among us, with some of the events and incidents of their day. Well may it be said they were a "noble race." Their physical developments, in giant form; their strong mental powers; their playful humor, excited and brought into activity on frequent festive occasions, — made Barre one of the most distinguished places for social entertainment and convivial life.

Most distinctly do I remember, while yet a school-boy, the scenes of amusement and convivial entertainment rife at that time, and almost constant during the more leisure and appropriate months of winter. Frequent and constant in their intercourse, generous and free, social and colloquial, these were the marked characteristics of the people.

Without any design of invidious distinction, permit me to mention some of the more prominent family names identified with the history of the time. From their numbers, character, and wealth, the name of Caldwell probably took the lead; then, for numbers, came the Lees, the Rices, the Smiths, the Jenkinsons, &c., with many individual names, of merit and

distinction. These were our fathers, and they have all been swept away!

I inquired this day of the reverend gentleman how many of all that congregation of voters, comprising about all in the town, who gave him that "*unanimous vote*" to settle among them, are among the living! Few indeed could he recall to his mind; and when reminded that it would require a person seventy-one years old to include even the youngest possible, he could designate but two only, though there might be more. Then is this noble race of men — all the voters of that day — extinct but two? I mention this to show what ravages time has made among us, and how isolated *now* the reverend gentleman!

Mr. President, we, whose memories can reach back to these events, however young at the time, are all now treading on the borders of that *great future* "from whose bourne no traveller returns." And now, sir, if it be the decree of Providence that the venerable man before us should precede us in passing *that* vale, and it is given to him to hold communion with the spirits of the departed, when he meets that friend, my honored father,*

* The following notices are copied from the monument erected by Artemas and David Lee to the memory of their father and their brother:—

"General Samuel Lee was born at Barre, March 8, 1767, and died October 17, 1839, aged 72 years. At the age of 13, he enlisted as a common soldier in the war of the Revolution, 'in the three months' service.' He was at West Point at the time of Arnold's treason. In January following, being still in his 14th year, he again enlisted for three years. The act of Congress forbade enlistments under the age of sixteen years; but, having already attained so manly a stature, he was received without question. In March, 1781, he joined the army at West Point; was afterwards transferred to a flying regiment of infantry, under the command of Colonel Alexander Seammel, and served in New Jersey; re-crossed the river under General Lincoln, in the course of the summer, and took part in a severe conflict with a body of Yagers, in which Silas Smith, of Barre, fell by his side. At the siege of Yorktown, he was of the party that stormed the first battery, on which occasion Seammel was treacherously slain. He was also engaged under Colonel Alexander Hamilton, in the capture of the redoubt; and was finally discharged from the army, October 28, 1783, a youth in years and a veteran in service. In the course of his life, he held various places of trust and distinction in the civil and military service of the State, with honor to himself and fidelity to the public.

"General Lee was endowed by nature with a superior understanding, and supplied, by assiduity in after-years, the want of early education. His character was deeply marked by firmness, strict integrity, and singleness of purpose, tempered with courtesy, benevolence, and a scrupulous regard for the rights, feelings, and opinions of others. His personal appearance was dignified and commanding, his manners unaffected and affable, his conversation replete with instruction. He was guided by a

who was always his friend, and also that other friend of his, who was constant and ardent unto *his* end, — my brother, whose awful fate, even at this late day, excites the warmest sensibilities, and recoils upon us with the most oppressive emotions, — I trust he will say to them that all has been done for their memory which propriety can require, or affection suggest.

Mr. President, if these reflections are too severe for the occasion, pardon me, and I will pass to the lighter shades and more congenial incidents of the past.

Again let us revert to the event we celebrate. A retrospect of fifty years, and what strides and changes have taken place in the physical, intellectual, and social condition of society! What physical improvements for our ease, comfort, and luxury; what intellectual attainments for the culture and elevation of the mind in the region of thought; and what advances in the chaste refinements and pleasures of social life! *What* a change, indeed, in our whole living and being!

I have a vivid recollection of the first time I ever saw the venerable gentleman. It must have been within a few days after he first came to Barre, at my father's house, in the autumn of 1803, — the occasion a funeral. Five deaths had taken place in the family in the space of a few months, commencing with my mother, and closing with a brother. Then hardly ten years old, I distinctly remember his commanding personal appearance when he entered the door of the mourners' room, and his consoling and interesting remarks to the mourners, which drew replies from my father. I remember to have heard my father say that he then designated the gentleman in his own mind as the future minister of Barre.

I remember the day of his ordination, — the snow, and the clear, cold weather. It was then customary for the town having an ordination with open doors to entertain and feast all the

religious faith, founded upon broad, liberal, and elevated views of the duties of man and the attributes of Deity."

"Charles Lee was born at Barre, May 24, 1796, and, at the age of 43, perished on board the steamer 'Lexington,' which was burnt on the eve of January 13, 1840, on her passage from New York to Stonington. In his extensive business and social relations he was distinguished for integrity and urbanity, while method, order, and neatness in all his arrangements, and great industry and perseverance in the accomplishment of his purposes, united with a high moral sense of the duties and obligations of life, were prominent characteristics."

adjoining towns. I was made a young sentinel to keep the post at home.

It was a splendid ordination; and Barre unitedly, and I believe unanimously, felt proud of their minister.

He was then in all the buoyancy of youth, erect and firm in his step, dignified and commanding in his person, and a noble bearing throughout. forcible and eloquent, with a full, rich, and musical voice, he stood confessed a model for pulpit talent, and was deservedly the pride of his people. Young as I was, I remember to have shared with them in this feeling, which grew and strengthened under his impressive instructions during the few years it was my lot to hear them, to a reverence and respect for him as a minister, which, like the "first love," I have found difficult to concede to any one else.

Such, Mr. President, were the high hopes and aspirations of a generous and ambitious people on this auspicious event, — such the promise and bright prospects of the gifted man in his youth, on whose head seventy winters and four have now "shed their snows," whose life has now become history, many of the incidents of which have this day been related to us, under circumstances impressive and solemn. We have listened to the "old man eloquent." We have this day seen Dr. Thompson "in the dry tree," exhibiting all the freshness and luxuriance "of the green."

I close, sir, with offering the following sentiment: —

THE TOWN OF BARRE— With all the opening prospects for her growth and prosperity in the great future, may she be able to sustain her former claims and reputation for pulpit talents and eloquence!

The following hymn, written for the occasion, by Rev. JONES VERY, of Salem, was here sung: —

We hail our jubilee to-day,
The Christian's jubilee comes round!
We come our grateful vows to pay,
For this we bid the trumpet sound.

Its welcome notes our bosoms thrill,
For earthly blessings long enjoyed;
How large a space their memories fill
With pleasures sweet and unalloyed!

The Lord has blessed each fruitful field,
 And we would of his goodness tell ;
 Our fathers' farms abundance yield,
 And here their sons in safety dwell.

With health and liberty and peace,
 For fifty years He's crowned our lot ;
 Oh may these blessings never cease,
 Or be in coming time forgot !

For fifty years thy servant, Lord,
 Has preached the gospel of thy love ;
 We thank thee for thy saving Word,
 All other gifts how far above.

Behold, as in a fruitful land,
 The precious seed he here has sown ;
 Still prosper, Lord, thy servant's hand,
 And still as thine the vineyard own.

Till, noiseless as the springing grain,
 O'er all the earth the harvest wave ;
 And every hill and every plain
 Shall hail the Christ who came to save !

Till, resting from his earthly care,
 He join thy saints in courts above ;
 In higher joys and duties share,
 And feel new measures of thy love.

MARSHALL S. PERRY, M. D., of Boston, was next introduced. Dr. Perry said, —

Mr. President, — It may seem presumptuous in me to offer any remarks after those made by my eloquent friends from Oneida, from Boston, and Salem ; but I cannot, under the excitement of the moment, refuse to answer to your call. Sir, it gives me great pleasure, I assure you, to meet so many of my early friends, and to see now before me so many faces that were familiar to me in the days of my childhood ; and this pleasure is increased by the object which has brought us together. We have come here to pay our regards to one to whom I am under greater obligations than I can ever repay. I shall never forget the impression which his eloquent discourses and his fervent appeals to Heaven had

upon my mind. I always went out of the *old church*, for which I had great reverence, with better resolutions and with higher aspirations than I had when I entered it. I cannot give you a stronger evidence of the effect of his preaching on my mind than by saying, that, at the age of sixteen, I left my father's house with the intention of preparing myself for the ministry. But Providence wisely changed my purpose. I say wisely, for I think I should have been a very poor preacher, and reflected little credit on my early friend. I have now in my possession a letter from Dr. Thompson to President Messer, of Brown University, in which I am recommended to his favorable notice, as I was wishing to educate myself for the pulpit. I shall preserve that letter as long as I live, as a testimony of Dr. Thompson's affectionate regards for me.

But, sir, if I owe our friend much for his ministerial influence on my mind, I owe him still more for his personal friendship. Whenever he met me, he had a word of encouragement for me. He always spoke kindly of me to his friends. He made me respect myself, by making me feel that he had some respect for me, and some confidence in me. But I will not trust my feelings to say more on this subject. I am here to testify to the interest I feel in our beloved pastor; and I rejoice to see him present in good health, and to have listened once more, as I have this day, to the sound of his voice.

Sir, surrounded as I am by associations which crowd upon my mind, and carry back my recollections to the impressions of my early life, I cannot forbear to speak of several persons who exercised an important influence over me. And, next to my *dear parents*, and especially next to *her, my mother*, whose spirit has but just passed from this to a brighter world, I must speak of her to whom our friend, in his discourse this day, so beautifully and eloquently alluded, who was, for many years, the sharer of his toils, his anxieties, his trials, and his joys. I shall never forget her kindness of manner, the sweet smile with which she always met me, her active benevolence, her interest in young people, and the pleasure she always felt in all their undertakings. She was a Christian in "word and deed;" and I shall cherish her memory with affection till the day of my death.

Then, sir, there was that "mother in Israel," the wife of Deacon Moses Holden. Is there a person present who knew her,

that can ever forget her active benevolence ! She was herself the soul of benevolence. No person ever went from her door hungry, or entered it without receiving a hearty welcome. She was a faithful servant of him who "went about doing good."

How shall I speak, sir, of that mother of the numerous family of Jenkins, the wife of Captain James Jenkins, except I embody all in one sentence, and say she was a CHRISTIAN mother ? She has left the best monument that any woman can erect to her memory, by the impress of her character upon the minds and hearts of her children ; for, of a large number of children, I believe there is not one who is not a valuable member of society.

Mr. President, I must mention one other person, who was well known by all in the town, as he often held some office of honor or trust. I shall always remember with gratitude the name of General Samuel Lee. He was an honest man ; calm, quiet, and dignified in manner ; of a strong and well-informed mind ; upright in his dealings, pure and elevated in all his purposes. He was an honor to the town ; and I am sure all present will bear testimony to his worthy and respected name.

It would give me great pleasure to mention the names of others who were members of Dr. Thompson's Society when I was a boy, and whose forms now rise before me in the vividness of my recollections ; but I must not take up more of your time, as I know you are anxious to hear the voices of others who have come here on this interesting occasion. I will therefore close these brief remarks by offering the following sentiment : —

While we rejoice in doing honor to the living, let us not forget the pure example or the Christian virtues of those who favored us with their friendship in early life, but who have now gone to meet their reward in heaven.

After him followed the Rev. Mr. BOND, of Dover, N.H., who spoke briefly of his connection with Dr. Thompson, for several years, as his associate pastor, and of their common interest in the spiritual welfare of the people. Nothing, he said, had tended so much to make it painful to leave Barre as his pleasant intercourse with Dr. Thompson. But no separation of fields of labor could disturb the affection for him which he had loved to cherish. Pa-

ternal kindness, and a remarkably generous consideration for the inexperience of a young colleague, were ever reciprocated by filial regard, and will always continue to be among the most precious treasures of memory.

He concluded by invoking the blessing of God upon "the people of his early charge, and upon his good friend and father in the Lord."

EDWARD HAMILTON, Esq., of Roxbury, on being called, responded :—

I do not rise, Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen, for the purpose of making a speech. My place is among the eager listeners on this interesting and joyous occasion. I came here, Mr. Chairman, to lay the sincere, though humble, tribute of my heart at the feet of him whom, in my earliest childhood, I was taught to reverence, and, in my manhood, it is my privilege to honor. Like the sturdy oak on yonder hill-top, he has withstood the heat of summer and storms of winter, the zephyrs and the whirlwinds, of a half-century in the midst of you. The seed he has scattered has fallen on good ground, and sprung up in a forest of good works.

Sir, what is there more beautiful in this world than the sight of a young man coming forward in his youth, and dedicating his life to the service of God, and devoting his manhood to the best interests of his fellow-men, that they may be brought to be disciples of our Lord and Saviour ?

Sir, in the course of a ministry of fifty years, who can calculate the good done by a faithful servant of Christ ? Who can number the souls turned from the broad road that leadeth to destruction, and brought within the gate of heaven, through his teaching ?

"Their names are registered above. To him
Joy, joy for ever ! His task is done ;
The gates are passed, and heaven is won."

Sons and daughters of Barre, what felicity is yours ! The same form which bent over the dying bed of your parents presides at the baptism of your children's children.

Which of you that have returned from your scattered homes, that has not felt his religious feelings well up from his soul at

the tones of that voice to which you so long listened in your early days ?

My friends, let us show, by our good works, that the religious instruction we have received from our venerable and honored pastor has impressed itself on our lives.

“From the gospel he proclaimed
Let our hearts wander never;
And praises on high
Shall employ them for ever.”

The following letters were here read from Rev. Dr. FISKE and DANIEL HARWOOD, M.D. : —

NEW BRAINTREE, Jan. 6, 1854.

Rev. Dr. Thompson: Dear Sir, — I thank you for the kind and friendly invitation contained in your note of the 2d inst. that I would be present at the celebration of your fiftieth anniversary, on the 11th of this month. It will give me much pleasure to comply with this request, should Providence favor. But should the day be unfavorable, the going bad, or my state of health not so good as at this time, I shall not deem it prudent to leave home.

I can, sir, sympathize with you in your anticipations of that interesting and important occasion, having experienced the same. But the recollections which impress my mind, as I look back to the day of your ordination, and then rapidly pass over the various changes which have since taken place, are more easily conceived than described. It is the privilege of but few to live as long, and witness as much of the goodness of God, and of the changes and revolutions which have taken place in our world, as you and I. Doubtless your mind has been, and still is, greatly occupied on these things; and of them you will speak to the great assembly, which will be gathered from places far and near, on the day that is approaching. I hope, dear sir, that God's presence and blessing may be with you, and with all who may be present to hear you.

I am, sir, with sentiments of sincere regard, your friend and servant in the Lord,

JOHN FISKE.

HOLLIS TIDD, Esq., one of the parishioners of Dr. Fiske, spoke, in a few well-chosen words, the gratification he had felt in all the proceedings of the occasion.

Dr. Harwood's letter : —

BOSTON, Jan. 10, 1854.

JAMES THOMPSON, D.D. : Rev. and dear Sir, — It is with great regret that I yield the point of being present at the "Fiftieth Anniversary" of your settlement in Barre. But circumstances over which I have no control make it necessary.

The loss to me will be irreparable in many ways. "The feast of reason and the flow of soul," the awakening of old associations, and the various retrospections, joyous and otherwise, that the occasion is sure to furnish, are each a sufficient cause of sorrow for absence. But especially do I regret not being able to see you once more on the field of your labors, surrounded by all who survive, and can be assembled, at home and from abroad, of the long list of your sometime parishioners.

But it must be otherwise. The scene is lost to me for ever ; and of the faces that will be assembled there, but a small part can I ever expect to see on earth.

Happily, however, the privilege is left me of expressing my deep interest in the affair, in all its length and breadth, and especially in every thing that concerns your happiness and well-being. May the occasion pass off in a manner entirely satisfactory to all present, and especially to yourself ; and may you long live in the enjoyment of delightful recollections of this marked day, as well as in the enjoyment of all earthly blessings ! And when the day and hour shall come of your departure for that "better world," to which you have so long and so faithfully pointed the way, may your transit be pleasant and easy ; and may the fruition of your hopes be as complete as eternal !

Very sincerely, your old and much-attached parishioner and friend,

DANIEL HARWOOD.

MOSES H. WETHERBEE, Esq., of Boston, then offered the following sentiment : —

REV. DR. THOMPSON — May his future pathway be as fair and bright as the glistening of dew-drops upon the flowers of early spring !

Here Colonel LEE, of Templeton, again took the floor, and said, —

Mr. President, — This sentiment comes from the grandchild of the late Mrs. Holden, widow of Deacon Moses Holden, whose character my friend Dr. Perry has just passed upon, and by which I am reminded of the duty I owe to her memory.

While this sentiment, Mr. President, meets with a full and spontaneous response from all our hearts, as significant of this occasion, permit me to embrace this opportunity, so grateful to my feelings, to discharge an obligation of deep-felt gratitude to the memory and virtues of the grandmother of the contributor of the sentiment in the only way now left for me to do it, and *that* in the hearing of the children and grandchildren now in attendance.

I was born into the world the recipient of her motherly care and kindness, so wide and profuse, that it was common property to all coming within its pale.

Domestic and unpretending in her character, she was the affectionate wife and mother, the good neighbor, the faithful friend. Her heart was the fountain of woman's virtues, and benevolence and charity its perpetual streams. Aspiring only to woman's proper empire, — that of *Love*, — she was, most emphatically, "the woman of God," from whose doors no one was allowed to depart without the evidence of her hospitality.

Would that I could have conferred on her, as a token of my gratitude, agreeably to my intentions, something in the form of "material aid" in her declining years! But circumstances caused delay, and death interposed; and now that this is the only tribute I *can* render to her virtues and memory, inadequate as it is, I am glad to embrace this appropriate, and perhaps last, opportunity to offer it.

The President here called upon the Rev. JAMES W. THOMPSON, D.D., of Salem, who spoke as follows: —

Mr. President, — It is quite a mistake for you to call upon me. There is a clear impropriety in my occupying the time of the evening. Besides, I have no speech in my head, or in my pocket. Yet, since you will not excuse me, I will try to say a few words.

How shall I lift my mind above these diverse and tumultuous emotions that have been swelling and heaving and dashing their spray upon me, from the ringing of the bell in the morning till this late hour in the evening? or how shall I translate these emotions into the forms of language? Which way soever I look,—behind, around, before,—the sight oppresses me, and discourages my efforts to speak. Behind me, how many recollections of early friendships,—of the games and sports of childhood,—of kindnesses received and to the full enjoyed,—of companions scattered over the world, or passed away from it,—of aged men and women, revered and loved; and what congregations of graves! Around me, how few comparatively of those who grew up with me do I behold; and those few, like myself, how changed in appearance! Why, really, the boys and girls I played with begin to look as their fathers and mothers used to. I don't see any of the old folks; and this present generation of children, I can only guess whom they belong to from their resemblance to persons with whom I was intimate, I will not say how many years ago,—certainly not *fifty*! I am astonished at the number of strangers. Once, there probably were not twenty persons in Barre whom I did not know; now, I should not recognize one in twenty. And you have so changed the aspect of things here on the common, that, on arriving in the evening, not long ago, I was actually puzzled to find my own sister's house. Before me, if I look, and by help of the imagination attempt to picture the condition of things here fifty years hence, to cast the horoscope of Barre for the year 1904,—how distant, vast, almost awful, that date sounds!—the new streets running out in all directions from the centre, the new enterprises begun and accomplished, the new evidences of thrift and prosperity everywhere observable, the new churches, and perhaps new sects, displacing those now flourishing, the new names that will appear in your town and parish records, and the new head-stones and monuments that will mark the places of the dead,—and those dead these now alive and in the midst of so much health and enjoyment!—I am utterly bewildered and lost.

Sir, since I have got a little under way, and my friends seem willing to listen, I will with your leave follow the example that has been set to me, and indulge in a few reminiscences. My earliest impressions of a religious kind are, of course, associated

with him whose honors have flourished so green to-day, and with the old church where he preached so long. Let me recall that church — that glorious old church! — in which so many of us first heard the word, and first bent the knee of the soul to God. I have never seen a church since that looked half so pleasing as that does in memory, with its irregular, many-shaped pews, its deacons' seat at the head of the broad aisle, and the large communion table behind it, its long pulpit stairs, and the huge sounding-board over head, — about which many a lad speculated seriously, while the preaching went on, whether it would not fall some day, and crush minister and deacons to death, — its immense galleries, on three sides, containing a hundred and fifty singers at least, besides numerous families, and, above all to be remembered, its *slam* seats, which went down, when the minister said "Amen" to his long prayer, with an emphasis from young hands which seemed to say, "How glad I am it's done!" Oh, it was a merry joy to the youngsters to let down those seats so softly! Thinking of these things, sir, brings to mind a little incident, which may show how early my own training for the ministry commenced. I had a sister who, when we were quite young, was a little prone to forget what day it was after we were seated in meeting, and to disturb the gravity of my meditations by sundry glances and nods and whispers. You all know her. She is a very well-behaved woman in church now, I believe. Well, after long and patient endurance of this injury to my moral nature, it was finally decided by the committee at home having charge of such things, that I should be removed from the cause of the disturbance and the scene of peril. Accordingly, this youthful aspirant for the high places of the sanctuary might have been seen for many a Sunday thenceforward following "the footsteps of his illustrious predecessor" up the pulpit stairs to a seat within the door, whence he could calmly survey the congregation, and see what boys smiled and what men slept. I am not sure that the sister in question would assent to the accuracy of the whole of this statement, — it was a great while ago; but that for *some* cause, I was elevated from the pew to the pulpit, she, as well as many others, must perfectly remember. Thus was I trained up, when a child, in the way I should go; and I have not departed from it since.

One thing in particular connected with the church, in my child-

hood, made a very strong impression upon me, namely, the great respect shown to the clerical office and to him who filled it. On a pleasant, sunshiny day, men, before meeting-time, would be standing in great numbers before the front-door. As the minister came in sight, it would be spoken, from one to another, "The priest" — for so they termed him — "the priest" or "the parson is coming;" and then they would begin to draw their conversation to a close, and by the time he had approached within a few rods it would be all wound up. But, instead of rushing into church before him, they would wait; and, as he came up to them, they would step aside, to the right and the left, for him to pass through, exchanging with him a respectful bow. Then, as he entered the door, there was a general hush through the house, and all eyes were turned to him, as he advanced, with a somewhat stately step, up the aisle. As he drew near the deacons' seat, you would see the occupants shifting position, and evidently preparing for something. What was it? When the minister gets to the corner where he is to turn, in order to ascend the stairs, *as* he turns, his eye will meet theirs, and then will come the reverential obeisance, the handsomest bow they can make, all together; and for this they were preparing. That was beautiful, surely: was there not a fitness and moral impression in it worthy to have been perpetuated? One other thing those deacons did which I recall with interest. When my father went "below," as they used to call the seaboard and the Old Colony, to visit his friends, or to attend "Election," and was to be gone over Sunday, it was not thought necessary to procure a minister to come up and preach in his place. The congregation assembled as usual, with the same order, and the same Sunday aspect; and the deacons, with great simplicity and fervor, though now and then perhaps *ahem-ing* at a hard word, or miscalling an easy one, — to the merriment of a roguish child, — conducted the services, one leading in prayer, and another reading a sermon previously selected by the pastor. I think there was true worship in those humble exercises. Those were edifying occasions. Their comparative infrequency rendered them not only tolerable, but even pleasing. And, if I lived in a situation where such a thing was practicable, I would speedily revive this good old custom.

Having said so much of the deacons' office, I may be excused,

perhaps, if I add a few words of the deacons themselves. Three of them, in particular, I remember, with veneration and love, — a veneration and love increasing with my years, which confirms my faith that they still live, and that I am gradually growing towards them. I refer to Deacons Holden, Ripley, and Stevens. Deacon Moses Holden, whose wife has been so beautifully and justly described by Dr. Perry, was a warm-hearted, generous man, full of vigor and courage; rich in mother-wit; always ready for a story and a hearty laugh; six days in the week busy, driving hither and thither, jocular, glad to see his friends, ready for any act of kindness or of duty; and, on the seventh, he would take his place at the head of the deacons' seat, smooth down his laughing face, and look almost as grave as my friend here from Boston (Deacon Greele), though it was not difficult to imagine you saw a sly joke twinkle in the corner of his eye! — a sincere, downright, good-tempered, genial, whole-souled man, worthy to be the husband of such a wife as God gave him, and the father of such children as bless his memory! Next to him, in the order of seniority, was Deacon Noah Ripley, — a brother of the late, venerable Dr. Ripley, of Concord, — a bland, gentle, affectionate, devout Christian; a man of simple faith and deep piety, who loved his Bible, his Saviour, and his God, with all his heart; who loved his neighbor, too, as himself, — all men, all children, and, — he made it his boast, and I think I have heard a similar one, certainly as well founded, from our friend the deacon from Boston, — all good women most especially! He was a Christian of a type of which few remain at the present day. Religion was his one great theme; he thought about it much; he loved to talk about it with all who could enter into his feelings; and he rejoiced, above all things, at indications of a growing interest in it among his acquaintance. He was a man all alive with sympathy, — tears enough for your joys, tears rolling down his cheeks for your sorrows. A rare good man, Deacon Ripley. And then, Deacon Stevens, — what shall I say of him? He was Christian meekness itself, — a sober, humble, godly man, with an expression of face that indicated a deep and holy calm within the breast; a man wholly without guile; a man of few words, but much wisdom; a man whom all respected as a Christian, and against whom no one ever had a hard feeling or uttered a harsh thought; a man whose life was serene “as the moon

walking in her brightness," — serenely religious, — a stream of piety flowing noiseless through it, and keeping alive and beautiful in it all the plants of the Lord's planting. One of God's saints, that man: happy the church that has such an officer; and happy must you all be that his office, with its mantle, has descended to his son! There is one other person of whom it would be wrong to let this occasion pass without saying a word: I mean the Hon. Nathaniel Jones, or, as we knew him best, Major Jones. No man in Barre would have enjoyed this occasion more than he, or contributed more to render it pleasant to all. No man ever served the town, in the various offices he filled, more faithfully and generously. He was truly a *public* man, giving far more of his time and attention to the interests of the community at large than to his own private concerns. He was an efficient supporter of all good institutions, liberal beyond his means, with an open door and a free, full table for all comers, exceedingly courteous and gentlemanly in manners, and withal, I should add, a steadfast, warm, devoted friend and faithful parish-ioner of him you are delighting this day so much to honor. I remember him, as, with the other children, I used to look out of the south window, and see him come in sight, of a Sunday morning, with his erect figure, vigorous gait, polished boots, and handsome coat; how glad we were to see him! and when he came in (for he always stopped to take "the metres"), how pleasantly he spoke to us, and with what an agreeable smile, voice, and manner, he greeted father and mother! You know his place in the church. You never saw him any where else in it. For forty years, I suspect, — for more than thirty, I am sure, — he led your choir; and that part of the devotional service here which consists of singing was probably more indebted to his taste, his zeal, his example, his exertions, than to the efforts of all others, in his day, put together. It was music to hear him sing: it was music and poetry blended to see him sing. Oh! how he would straighten up his body, and roll up his eyes, when he came to an animated strain, and make his book go with one hand while he beat time with the other, occasionally looking and bowing to bring up the bass on his left, and then turning to encourage the treble and tenor on his right, — a hundred and fifty or so in all, accompanied by the "big fiddle," a little fiddle, clarionet, and bassoon, not to mention old Mr. Sam. Fisk! — *that* was singing; if it

wasn't heard on high, it was "as the sound of many waters," here below! Why, a hallelujah chorus would almost start the shingles from the roof! All honor to the memory of that excellent citizen and sweet singer in our Israel, Major Nathaniel Jones!

But, Mr. President, I am going on quite too long. If I were to attempt a delineation of the character of all whom I remember with love and gratitude, we should not get home till morning! I will stop; not, however, without the expression of most hearty thanks for all the joy and delight you have poured into the cup of our family this day; for, while the father holds the cup, the children all partake of its delicious overflowings.

Mr. President and friends, we shall not be present at the next semi-centennial celebration here. We shall all have left this scene of things before that day. I would not say this in a tone of sadness, as though no jubilee were before us elsewhere. I think that, when we enter the family of Christ, we form a connection which, if we are faithful to our Head, can never be dissolved. We become members of an immortal fellowship. Those living on the earth move on, simultaneously, as in a procession, to join those who have passed into the invisible, bearing with them the dispositions, tastes, habits, memories, affections, they form here, and derive their happiness there from similar sources; so that fifty years from to-day we shall still be *alive*. Let us regard this as a settled fact, as no longer a matter of doubt. And if alive, and substantially the same beings that we are now, why shall we not meet, if God permit, in the eternal heaven, to repeat, with an intenser expression, these interchanges of joy and love? Let us cherish this hope; and let nothing be wanting on our part, — no work of faith nor labor of love, no bending of the will to duty, nor exercise of the soul in devotion, nothing that the religion of Christ demands, — to insure its fulfilment.

The Committee regret that, owing to the lateness of the hour, several gentlemen, who were expected to speak, were prevented.

Many letters were received by Dr. Thompson and the Committee in answer to the circular; but most of them were so far of a private nature, that it is not deemed proper

to publish them. The Committee would mention particularly those of the Hon. CHARLES ALLEN and STEPHEN SALISBURY, Esq. of Worcester; the Rev. SAMUEL MAY and Dr. EDWARD FLINT, of Leicester; and BENJAMIN F. HAMILTON, Esq. of New Braintree. A few are here given: —

From the Rev. Jonathan French, D. D.

NORTH HAMPTON, N. H., Jan. 7, 1854. —

Rev. James Thompson, D. D.: My dear Friend and Brother, — Immediately on receiving yours, two months ago, I forwarded by mail the pamphlet you mentioned, and hope you received it safely.

I shall not be able to be with you on your approaching anniversary, but will rejoice with you, and with those who may be present on that important occasion. I did not intend to have delayed acknowledging your very kind letter so long, and am now obliged to do it in a few hasty lines.

The circumstances of our remote locations from each other have interrupted that intimate and familiar intercourse which happily subsisted between us in the earlier part of our lives. But no circumstances have severed the ties of mutual affection which bound us so closely then.

We have both much cause for gratitude, that, by the good hand of God upon us, we have enjoyed so many favors through so many changes. May we be enabled to finish our course with joy, and celebrate a jubilee of unmingled delight!

I can only add my assurance of the unbroken esteem and fraternal regard of yours, as ever,

JONA. FRENCH.

From Z. Eddy, Esq.

[The following, from my old college classmate and friend, was not written with a view to publication; and my warrant for inserting it is found in the sentence ending "head and shoulders." — J. T.]

EAST MIDDLEBOROUGH, Dec. 20, 1853.

Dear Sir (more familiarly, Dear Chum), — I met your son in Boston, and, on inquiry about you, had a pretty good account of your health, and that you were preparing to celebrate the semi-

centennial of your settlement. We have both now advanced septuagenarians; and the recollection of our early days and later, and a just improvement and notice of them, is certainly very proper; and I hope you will be able to call up before your people many past labors and incidents which may be profitable both to yourself and them. I do not know that you can get me into the concern otherwise than by "head and shoulders." But you will find, if you read the memoir which I have sent you by mail with this, that I have got you in very handily. As the memoir gives a full account of *me*, if your semi-centennial is printed, I hope to get an account of *you*. . . .

We are in the "sear leaf;" and you will perceive how I feel by the close of the memoir. The loss of our companions, you know, is irreparable; and I learn that you have lately lost a dear son. We well know how to sympathize with each other. Our wives were "very lovely" in their youth, and very loving too; and I hope they are enjoying better things than this world affords. I do not learn that you have taken another companion. I have not, and do not propose it. "All the days of our appointed time we will wait till our change come."

I have just read the review of Dr. Beecher's book, in the Examiner. It seems he has shown, with much ability and success, that all the *theories* about the cause and origin of sin are derogatory to the honor and rectitude of the Deity, making him, directly or indirectly, the author of it. This I have a long time believed, and do not believe any reason can be given for our sinning, but its *voluntariness*, without excusing it, and turning it upon our Maker. But I do not believe the *existence* of sin is to be accounted for by any pre-existence; nor is the inquiry necessary. God has made us liable to sin for the sake of a moral system which could not exist without such liability; and it will at last appear that all sin will be turned to the best good by Him in whose hand our breath is, and in whom are all our ways. It seems to me that some of these writers in the Examiner are inclined to *limit* or *lower down* our *free agency*. I believe we have it *fully*, and are *fully accountable*. We have nothing to complain of, are better off than Adam, may rise by grace higher than he could by works.

Yours, very affectionately,

Z. EDDY.

From the Rev. Joseph Allen, D.D.

NORTHBOROUGH, Jan. 8, 1854.

Rev. Dr. Thompson: Dear Sir, — Up to this time, I have been halting between two opinions, having a strong desire to share in the festivities of your semi-centennial, and dreading the somewhat formidable ride of thirty miles by stage at this inclement season. At length, the question has been decided for me by circumstances over which I had no control; a death having occurred in my parish this morning, and the funeral having been appointed, without consulting me, for next Wednesday. It could not be at an earlier day, on account of the distance of some of the near relatives.

Please accept the congratulations and cordial sympathies of one of the elders among your brethren in Worcester County, — your junior, however, in ministerial life by more than a dozen years, and who, though at present in good health and in active service, has no right to presume on the continuance of his life and ministry to the period that shall entitle him, if otherwise worthy, to the honors of such a festival as your friends are preparing for you.

It will, I do not doubt, be a delightful reunion; and I wish I could participate in its joys, and accept the hospitality that has been proffered me.

Hoping that all your anticipations will be fully realized on the occasion, and that you may live yet many days, and rejoice in them all, and then, in God's good time, enter into that rest that remaineth for the people of God, I remain, my dear brother, yours, in the faith and fellowship of the gospel,

JOSEPH ALLEN.

From the Rev. Professor G. R. Noyes, D.D.

CAMBRIDGE, Jan. 6, 1854.

Dear Sir, — It would give me great pleasure to be present at the interesting anniversary of the settlement of one for whom I have so much respect and friendship as Dr. Thompson, and in a town of which I have many pleasant recollections. But my official duties here will not admit of it.

Yours, with best regards,

G. R. NOYES.

Willard Broad, Esq., Chairman, &c.

The occasion, of which the foregoing is an imperfect account, passed off to the entire satisfaction of all concerned, and will long be remembered with lively interest by those who participated in it. The account is published in full confidence that it will form an agreeable chapter in the history of our town.

M. S. PERRY,	} <i>Chairmen of the</i>
WILLARD BROAD,	
	<i>two Committees.</i>



